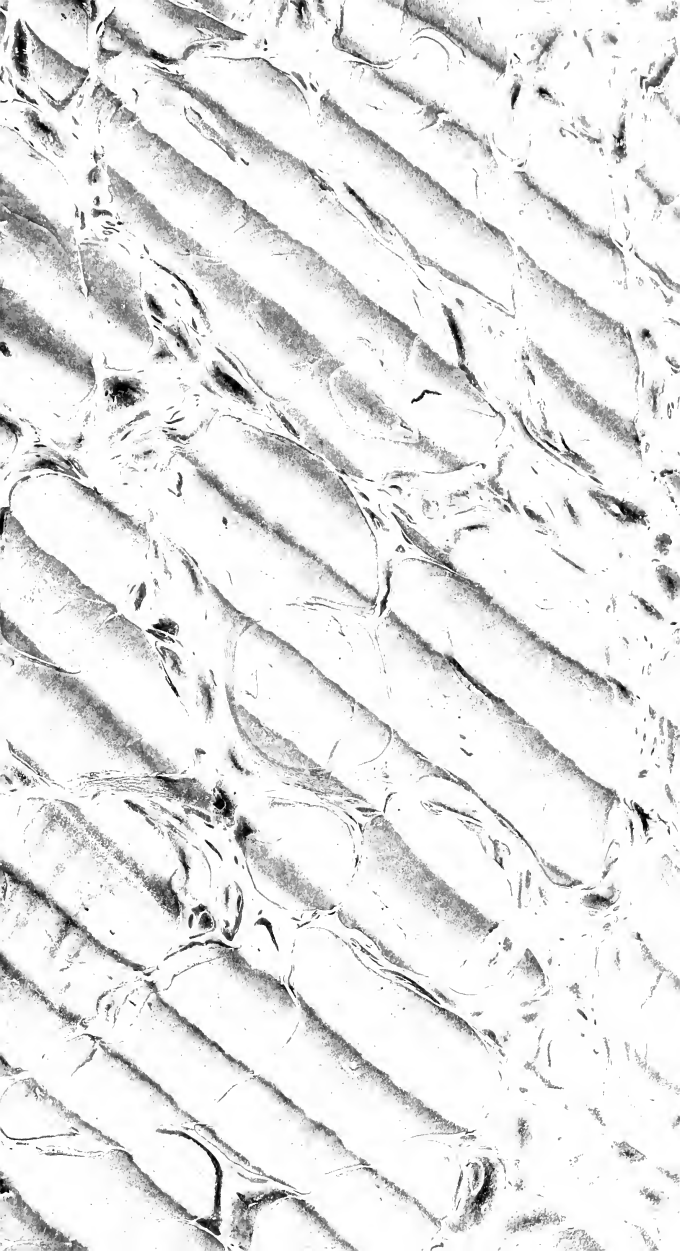


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LETTERS AND ADDRESSES

BY

GEORGE THOMPSON,

DURING HIS MISSION IN THE

UNITED STATES,

From Oct. 1st, 1834, to Nov. 27, 1835.

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NOTE.

A volume has preceded the present one—published by Mr. KNAPP, at 25, Cornhill, Boston—containing the Lectures of GEORGE THOMPSON in England, with a full report of the discussion between Mr. Thompson and Mr. Borthwick, the pro-slavery agent, held at the Royal Amphitheatre, in Liverpool. In noticing that volume, the editor of the American Quarterly Anti-Slavery Magazine most happily remarks :

‘Whoever has listened to the rapturous, impetuous, cataract eloquence of George Thompson, will not so much wonder that his reporters have failed fairly to write him down, as that they did not give up in utter despair. These speeches are not George Thompson ; yet, like pictures of rainbows, forked lightning, and the starry concave, there is something of glory in them which will do very well till you compare them with the original. We remember that before we heard our friend lecture, or dreamed of his coming to this country, we used to wonder whether his printed controversy with Borthwick were not an improvement upon the spoken one. We advise the American public, for their own credit, first to buy the book and then recall the man.’

The sketches of Mr. Thompson’s Lectures in the United States, contained in the following pages, do not furnish the reader with any adequate conception of his eloquence and pathos : yet they are deemed too valuable, and are too closely connected with the history of the anti-slavery cause in the United States, to be left scattered through the pages of a newspaper. The letters are fine specimens of epistolary writing—full of ‘thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.’

Boston—1837.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

INTRODUCTION.

It was deemed a sublime spectacle when the youthful LAFAYETTE left his native land for a foreign shore, and perilled his fortune, ease, reputation and life, in order to espouse the cause of a brave but injured people, in their unequal struggle for liberty. An example of patriotism so rare, so full of high-wrought chivalry, and so opposite to the dictates of human selfishness and prudence, could not fail to excite the admiration of the world, even before the termination of the generous and daring adventure.

In the eye of mercy, in the judgment of charity, in the estimation of piety, and ultimately in the decision of mankind, far more of moral sublimity attended the embarkation of GEORGE THOMPSON for these shores, and still higher courage, devotion, fortitude and integrity were required in the prosecution of his great anti-slavery mission among us.

Let this assertion be tested by a comparison of circumstances, objects and situations.

The people, whose cause Lafayette espoused, were respectable, intelligent, enterprising and heroic. He was not required, therefore, to make any sacrifice of respectability, or incur any odium or ridicule, arising from their condition.

—They were not enslaved: no chain ever galled their limbs, no whip was brandished over their heads, no driver followed at their heels, no laborious task was assigned them, no knowledge was withheld from their minds, no robbery of their wages was attempted, no parental or filial relation was violated, no restriction was placed upon their egress or ingress, no claim of property in their persons was set up, no traffic was carried on in any of their bodies. Hence, the injustice from which they were to be delivered was, comparatively speaking, less than the weight of a feather.

They in whose behalf George Thompson pleaded, were degraded—unenlightened—servile; and were universally the objects of derision, hatred and persecution. Hence, it required one to make himself like Christ on earth, 'of no reputation,' to identify himself with them.

—They were ranked & treated as pieces of merchandize and as cattle; were chained, whipped, driven, tasked, plundered, forbidden to learn even the alphabet, sold in private and in public, cruelly restricted as to locomotion, and subjected to a bondage as brutal as it is interminable. Hence, whatever concerns the whole man, for time or eternity—whatever of value is seen in the sanctity of marriage, in the impartial administration of justice, in the protection of law, in the prevalence of christianity—was bound up in the struggle for their emancipation

—They stood ready, with open arms, with strong emotions of gratitude, with universal acclamations, to receive their chivalrous advocate, and to promote him to offices of trust and honor.

—They were in their own country, and really masters of the soil; so that the young Frenchman's personal risk was only in an occasional battle with enemies who had been transported across the Atlantic.—THE PEOPLE were with him, and around him, as an invulnerable bulwark.

—They were mighty in valor, full of heroic ardor, all marshalled for the strife of blood, rich in knowledge and therefore strong in power, and able to cope with a colossal force. Bravely could they sustain Lafayette!

LAFAYETTE came to shed blood, as a warrior—to lead on to the mortal encounter—to discuss the rights of man at the point of the bayonet and the mouth of the cannon—to make a display of physical courage—to secure the blood-stained laurels of renown—and to show the oppressed of every clime how they ought to resist tyrants even unto death!

—He had the fire of animal excitement—the ‘pomp and circumstance’ of war—the splendid examples of ancient heroes, to nerve his arm, and sustain his spirit, and lead him on to battle. But when did he manifest any moral courage, or spiritual devotion, in the cause of God?—What heinous sin did he oppose? What popular vice did he denounce? What did he oppose to violence but violence? to blows but blows? to the sword but the sword?

—They knew little or nothing of him who was toiling, early and late, through evil report and through good report, at the imminent hazard of his life, for their peaceful deliverance. They could not cheer, they could not promote, they could not even thank him for his disinterested advocacy and godlike benevolence.

—They could give no succor or protection to their foreign champion, and he asked none at their hands.—He walked serenely in the midst of a blood-thirsty people, strong in the panoply of innocence, undaunted amid the howlings of the tempest, the roar of thunder, and the glare of lightning.

—They were entirely helpless, physically and morally. The language of his soul was, ‘In GOD is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge is in GOD.’ ‘The LORD is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?’

GEO. THOMPSON came as an angel of mercy, to prevent the shedding of human blood, by preaching the doctrines of the Prince of Peace—to engage in a moral contest, wielding none but spiritual weapons—to oppose truth to error, light to darkness, forgiveness to revenge, purity to pollution, mercy to cruelty, honesty to fraud, and freedom to despotism.

—His soul was warmed by the glow of holy zeal, and sustained by a steadfast faith in the promises of God—but no outward show attended his career—nothing of the glitter of arms, the roll of drums, the confused noise of battle, or the renown of physical triumph. It was his task to warn, rebuke, and persuade a guilty nation—to encounter the combined malice and fury of all the ungodly—to conflict with terrible prejudices—to go through the fires of persecution—and to return good for evil, forgiveness for injury, and blessing for cursing.

We might extend the comparison. Is moral courage superior to physical? Are spiritual weapons better than carnal? Are the victories of truth more glorious than those of brute force? Is it nobler to espouse the cause of the poor and needy, the manacled and the dumb, whose bodies and souls are bartered for gold, than to aid those who labor only under slight disabilities? Is it more godlike to urge the patient endurance of wrong, and forgiveness of enemies, than to stir up the oppressed to deeds of vengeance? Is it more honorable to bear the cross of Christ, amid the jeers and assaults of an evil world, than to incur the hazard and toil of war? Is pure disinterestedness more clearly manifested in advocating the rights of those who can make no returns of gratitude, than in associating with those who are able to offer every demonstration of attachment? In all these aspects, was the merciful enterprise of George Thompson incomparably superior to the warlike co-operation of Lafayette. So will all time and all eternity—so do God and his word decide.

From the days of Martin Luther to the present time, we may look in vain for a loftier specimen of enlightened zeal for God, and tender sympathy for bleeding humanity—for higher evidence of christian devotion, undaunted heroism, stern integrity, and self-denying conduct—than was presented in the case of our English brother. Like Paul, he was ‘in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, [men-stealers, the most guilty and ferocious of all robbers,] in perils by the heathen, [*christian* advocates and apologists of slavery, the most blame worthy of all the heathen,] in perils in the city, in perils among false brethren, [those who profess to be followers of Christ, and yet excited the mob against him for his labors of love,] in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often.’ Like Paul, too, he could sincerely say, ‘I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, FOR CHRIST’S SAKE.’

The mission of George Thompson to this country has furnished a splendid precedent to a righteous ‘foreign interference’ with national sins, and formed a glorious era in the history of the Anti-Slavery cause. As a philanthropist and Christian, he could not come to us unauthorised, or with unpardonable intrusion,—though a foreigner, according to the caste of this world: but, in addition to the all-sufficient license, nay the imperative command, which God gives to all who are followers of his dear Son, to assail cruelty and oppression, and all existing abominations, at all times and in all places, at home and abroad, in this and in every other country, —Mr. Thompson visited America expressly at the invitation and as the Agent of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society, and under the countenance of the British and Foreign Society for the Abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade throughout the world. The Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, in the course of a glowing panegyric upon Mr. Thompson, bestowed at a public

meeting in Glasgow, August, 1836, said—‘The most decided and flattering proof that can be given of satisfaction with an agent whom we have employed in one work, is to set him to another. We did so. He had done his duty so nobly in the home department of the great cause he had at heart, that, when we had achieved our object in the disenthralment of the slaves in our own dependencies, and we looked abroad upon the world for other fields of philanthropic effort, we naturally and unanimously turned our eyes to him, believing that he who had done so well at home, would do equally well abroad . . . When we looked to America, and resolved on a mission of benevolence to that land, all eyes simultaneously looked to George Thompson, as the man of all others most eminently fitted for the charge of the important and difficult task. We sent him to America. He went with the best wishes of the benevolent, and the fervent prayers of the pious. He remained in the faithful, laborious and perilous execution of the commission entrusted to him, as long as it could be done without the actual sacrifice of life—till it would have been the hardihood of insanity to have persisted longer. He returned. We hailed his arrival. We privately and publicly testified our approbation of the course he had pursued. He has risen in my estimation, both as to personal character, and as to official ability and trustworthiness; and never stood higher in my regard, than he does at the present moment.’

The following are additional testimonials to the eminent services and exalted character of Mr. Thompson. At a public meeting in Glasgow, January 25th, 1836, on motion of Rev. William Anderson, it was

‘Resolved, That this meeting, with unmingled delight, welcomes the return of Mr. THOMPSON from America—seizes this early opportunity to express its high admiration of the blameless propriety, distinguished talent, and noble self-devotion, with which he has prosecuted the great object of his mission to the United States, in the face of national prejudice, interested denunciations, and lawless violence—and feels devoutly grateful to that God who, amidst all such opposition, has crowned his labors with signal success, and through many perils, brought him again safely to these shores.’

At the Second Annual Meeting of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, held on the evening of 1st March,—Rev. Dr. WARDLAW in the chair,—it was unanimously

‘Resolved, That this Society, in compliance with the invitation of many philanthropists in America, and in connection with other Societies in this country, having deputed Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON as their Agent to the United States, to co-operate with the friends of the abolition of Slavery there, in their efforts to awaken their countrymen to a sense of their duty towards more than two millions of their brethren held by them in cruel bondage, express their cordial approval, and high admiration of the power, intrepidity, and devotion, with which, in the face of formidable opposition, unsparing abuse, and great personal hazards, Mr. THOMPSON was enabled, by the grace of God, to pursue, and in a good measure to accomplish the great object of his very arduous mission.’

At a public meeting in Edinburgh :

‘Resolved, After what has been now and formerly stated by Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON, we are fully persuaded that he has in spirit, procedure, and success, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the Emancipation Society—that by his firmness and prudence, zeal and perseverance in advocating the cause of the bondmen in the United States, he has amply redeemed every pledge given by him to the friends of human freedom, by whom he was deputed—that, amidst obloquy, peril, and physical violence, he continued to persevere, until, by the verdict of transatlantic friends, the best judges in this matter, his remaining longer would, without promoting the cause, have compromised his own safety. We acknowledge the good hand of Providence that has been around him, bid him cordial welcome [to his native shore, renew our expressions of confidence in him as a talented advocate of the liberties of man, and trust that a suitable field may soon be opened for the renewal of his exertions.]’

On Thursday, the 18th August, a meeting was held in Exeter Hall, London,—RICHARD PECK, Esq. late High Sheriff of the city of London and the county of Middlesex, in the chair,—at which, after an eloquent address from Mr. THOMPSON, the following resolution was carried by acclamation, the meeting standing up :

‘Resolved, That this meeting hail with delight, the safe return of their distinguished countryman to his native land, and respectfully offer him their warm and grateful acknowledgments for his philanthropic and self-denying labors in the United States of America, in behalf of their suffering and oppressed fellow-men.’

The following comments upon the return of Mr. Thompson to England were published in the *Liberator* immediately after his departure :—

He has gone ! The paragon of modern eloquence—the benefactor of two nations—the universal philanthropist—the servant of God, and the friend of all mankind—is no longer in our midst ! Abandoning the field of his well-deserved and ever increasing popularity—bidding adieu to his native shores, and to a vast multitude of as dear and estimable friends as one man ever possessed—he committed himself, with his family, to the perils of the deep, and fearlessly ventured, in the cause of the bound and bleeding slave, to encounter the still greater perils which he was conscious awaited him upon these shores. It was no ordinary sacrifice of ease, preferment, safety, interest and popularity, that he made, when he resolved to plead the heaven-originated cause of universal emancipation in a land of republican despots and christian kidnappers. He exchanged his ease for rigorous hardship ; he coveted abasement more than preferment ; for safety he substituted peril ; he sacrificed his interest for the pleasure of doing good ; and he consented to leave his popularity among good men at home, that he might be honored with the abuse and proscription of wicked men abroad. His departure from England was viewed with regret and admiration by a noble and philanthropic people. They would have gladly retained him in

their midst, had they not been convinced that Providence had a great work for him to perform in this hemisphere : they did not love themselves less, but they loved the perishing slaves more. Wherever he went to bid them farewell, they rushed in crowds to hang upon the melting accents of his lips, and to pay him the respect of grateful hearts. Testimonials of their love were profusely showered upon him from John o' Groat to the Land's End. Never, perhaps, did man break through stronger ties to make himself an exile, and a by-word and gazing-stock among the plunderers and oppressors of the human race. A physical Lafayette had come to these shores on a bloody errand of patriotism—and the applause of a belligerous world resounded like the voice of many waters, till the ethereal concave became tremulous with emotion. A moral Lafayette came hither on a mission of peaceful liberty and holy love, and the hosts of heaven rejoiced and gave glory to God. Both excited the fear and hatred of tyrants : the former was dreaded for his rank and influence—the latter for his christian courage and spiritual might. The former came equipped with carnal weapons, to sunder the chains of political oppression by the arm of violence : the latter came with the whole armor of God, having his loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, and taking the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, to effect a two-fold emancipation, both of the body and the soul. The former slaughtered opposing forces, to vindicate the rights of man : the latter toiled unceasingly to maintain the honor of God in the peaceful deliverance of the captive, through conviction of sin and the spirit of repentance. The former aimed to establish a better human government than the world had ever witnessed : the latter sought to enforce upon all men the perfect government of God.

He has gone ! And with him will go the prayers and blessings, the gratitude and love, the respect and admiration, of all those who cherish an innate and holy hatred of oppression, and who hold no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. Around the hearts of thousands in this country, his memory is entwined with the ties of a deathless affection : for they have known him, and can testify of his extraordinary worth. What a rich freight of gratitude would accompany him, more to be desired than the treasures of royal argosies, from millions who yet pine in slavery, if they could understand how much he has suffered and hazarded to unlose their fetters ! But their emancipated descendants will not forget the debt !

He has gone ! But not in vain did he come hither. By his presence, and the power of his victorious eloquence, and the resistless energy of his movements, he has shaken the land from side to side. In one year he has accomplished the labor of many. At the mention of his name, republican tyrants stand aghast, and their knees smite violently against each other.

Unable to hide the bloody stains that disfigure their polluted garments—conscious of their full exposure to the detestation and rebuke of a horror-stricken world—and despairing of ever regaining an honorable reputation until they emancipate the victims of their lust and avarice—they have sought to destroy the advocates of righteous liberty, with wolf-like ferocity and fiendish hate. Especially have they planned to abduct and murder the man, who, having been signally instrumental in breaking the fetters of eight hundred thousand slaves in the British Colonies, heroically came to these shores to assist in emancipating a still larger number of bleeding captives. But, thanks be to God, he has walked unharmed through the fire which they kindled to consume him, and the smell thereof has not passed upon his garments.

He has gone! But not to cease from his labors in the cause of mercy. He has a mighty work to perform in England, and there he will toil like an unbound giant. With the materials which he has industriously accumulated in this country, and which he has carried with him, he cannot fail to rouse up and concentrate the entire sympathies and energies of the people of Great Britain, in opposition to American slavery; and it is by the pressure of public sentiment abroad, as well as at home, that the bloody system is to be tumbled into ruins. Let the same withering public sentiment prevail throughout Christendom respecting the guilt of slaveholding, as now obtains in opposition to the diabolical slave trade, and the day of jubilee will be ushered in without delay. Our pride, as a nation, will not be able much longer to bear the taunts and jeers of the world, in view of our hypocrisy, falsehood and oppression; and our consciences, seared though they be as with a hot iron, will yet be awakened to remorse and repentance by the thunders of Sinai and the melting accents of Calvary. The Christians of Great Britain, of all denominations, will multiply their warnings, rebukes and exhortations to their brethren in this country,—and not in vain.

He has gone! The dagger of a murderous nation has been pointed at his heart, and he has been hunted like a partridge upon the mountains. He came to us on an errand of mercy, drawn by the ties of Christ, and spared no pains to bring us to repentance for our manifold transgressions. To flatter us was easy—but he loved the truth and hated falsehood. He would not suffer sin upon us, because he loved us in his heart, and would have laid down his life for our salvation. Yet he was pursued like a wild beast, his name cast out as evil, and he was reckoned among the enemies of the republic! He has gone! But the *foreign* MAN-MONKEY remains behind, to show us how exactly he can grin like an ape, look like an ape, climb and chatter like an ape, and finally die like an ape—and his popularity and patronage are increasing daily! *He* is no emissary—no enemy—but an acquisition to liberty and equality!—[Alluding to a French harlequin then performing in this country in the character of a monkey.

✂ The following Letter should have been inserted in the body of the work, preceding that which will be found on page 106. It refers to the mob in Boston, October 21st, 1835.

“THURSDAY AFTERNOON, OCT. 22, 1835.

MY BELOVED BROTHER GARRISON :

The news has reached me of yesterday's proceedings in Boston. I rejoice that you have escaped the jaws of the lion, and are yet among the living—the living to praise God. To Him let us render our humble acknowledgements. May you be sustained under your present afflictions, and survive to behold the triumph of those principles which you have for some years lived only to advocate! I sympathise with you, and every sufferer in our holy cause, and could almost envy you the honor of having been assailed by a blood-thirsty multitude. Put your trust in that Being who smiles at the wrath of men, and will cause it to advance his glory. After all, what have our enemies done? what have their tar and feathers, their demolitions, their lacerations, scourgings and hangings effected? Have they extinguished *the truth*? No. Have they shaken our *principles*? No. Have they proved *wrong* to be *right*; *falsehood*, *truth*; *cruelty*, *kindness*; or *slavery*, *liberty*? No. Have they shaken the throne of the Eternal? Have they stopped the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, that the cry of the slave cannot enter? No! None of these things have occurred. Our *principles live*, and are triumphing in every direction. The God of the American slave sits high on his throne, counting the sighs and groans of his people, and will come down to deliver. Abolitionists live, and multiply, and daily wax stronger and stronger in the work of mercy they have laid hold upon, nor can any scourges our enemies can plait, nor any gibbets they can erect, be aught but the emblem of their own infatuation and madness.

I think I see the end of these outbreakings. The opposers of this cause have themselves a bitter lesson to learn. They will rouse a spirit which will speedily turn and rend them, when it is too late to prevent it. Let them make mob-law paramount to all other law, and those respectable instigators will at no distant day be destroyed by the recoil of their own weapons.

Our cause advances rapidly, majestically, and gloriously—who can stay its course?

I have not time to write more. My heart is with you. As the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David, so is my soul to your soul. Your joys, sorrows, perils, persecutions, friends and foes, are mine. May God direct us in this crisis, and enable us with meekness and wisdom to do his perfect will, and cheerfully suffer every thing which awaits us.

Your unalterably attached friend and brother,

GEO. THOMPSON.”

LECTURE AT LOWELL, MASS.

On Sunday evening, October 5th, GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq. the abolitionist, delivered a lecture on Slavery in the Town Hall, Lowell. The spacious room was filled some time before the commencement of the proceedings, and when Mr. Thompson began his lecture, there were upwards of one thousand persons present. The meeting was opened with singing and prayer.

The following is a faint sketch of Mr. Thompson's discourse, which occupied an hour and three quarters in the delivery.

He (the lecturer) felt truly grateful for the present very favorable opportunity of discussing before an American audience, the merits and bearings of a question, which, more than any other that could agitate their minds, was connected with the honor, happiness, and prosperity of the people of this land. He besought a kind, patient, and attentive hearing. He asked no favor for his doctrines, his arguments, or his opinions. Let these be subjected to the severest ordeal. Let them be tested by reason, truth and scripture, and if they squared not with the dictates and requirements of these, let them be repudiated. The West Indies had already witnessed the operation of the great measure, which the justice and humanity of the British Nation had obtained for the slave. All eyes were now turned towards the United States of America, to see if that land of Liberty, of Republicanism, of Bibles, of Missions, of Temperance Societies, and Revivals, would direct her matchless energies to the blessed work of enfranchising her slaves, and elevating her entire colored population.

As a feeble and unworthy instrument in the hand of Him, without whom there was neither wisdom, nor strength, nor goodness, he (Mr. T.) had come amongst

them to tell of the conflicts and triumphs he had witnessed in his native land, and to encourage, and, if possible, aid his brethern here in the accomplishment of a similarly great and glorious object. His was no sectarian or political embassy. Higher and broader principles than those of politics or party animated and sustained him. He came not to uphold the dogmas of a faction, or to expound the charter of human rights according to the latitude, longitude, clime, or color. As a citizen of the world, he claimed brotherhood with all mankind. The medium through which he contemplated the varied tribes of this peopled earth, was one which blended all hues, and brought out only the proud and awful distinctive mark of one common nature—'the image of God.' He honored that 'image' in whomsoever he found it, and would labor lest a prize so glorious should be lost, lest a being so capable should be wretched here and forever. Such were the views he cherished, and the principles he maintained, and he hoped he should be enabled to discuss them with temper and christian charity. He knew that men were all compounded of the same common elements—all sinful, erring and guilty; and, therefore, it became not any human being to assume the tone of innocence or infallibility, but to address himself to others as their fellow sinner, and be grateful to God, if divine grace had caused him in any degree to differ from the rest. He deemed such feelings perfectly consistent with a fearless denunciation of vicious principles and oppressive practices. Towards sin in every form, no mercy should be shown. A war of extermination should be waged with the works of the devil, under all their manifold and delusive appearances, and that man was the truest and kindest friend of the sinner, who, with a bold and unsparing hand, dragged forth to light and condemnation the abomination that would have ruined his soul.

After this introduction, the lecturer took a compendious view of slavery as it exists in the Southern States. He spoke of it as reducing man to the condition of a thing—a chattel personal—a marketable brute—the property and fee simple of his fellow-man—consigning the helpless victim to bondage, wretchedness, ignorance and crime here, and ruining his soul forever and ever. The lecturer next proceeded to speak of the prevailing prejudice against the free

people of color, and attributed it principally to an anti-christian and guilty feeling of pride. That this prejudice did not originate in a natural repugnance to color, was evident from the fact, that while the colored person remained in a state of civil and intellectual degradation, no indisposition was shown to the nearest physical approach. It was only when the colored person attempted to rise in intellect or station to a level with the white, that the hatred and prejudice appeared. He (Mr. T.) solemnly and affectionately exhorted all who heard him to renounce their cruel and unholy antipathies. This prejudice was an offence against God. The controversy was not with him who wore the colored skin, but with the being who had formed him with it. Who was bold enough to stand before God, and vindicate the prejudice which dishonored and defaced the image and superscription of the Deity, as stamped upon his creature man?

Such was the state of things in these christian States. What was the remedy? The immediate emancipation of the whites from prejudice, and the blacks from slavery. Mercy implored it. Justice demanded it. Reason dictated it. Religion required it. Necessity urged it.

Fear cried, 'No! The *danger* of immediate emancipation!'

Prejudice exclaimed, 'You want to amalgamate the races—to break the cast—to lift the blacks into our ranks. It must not be!'

A misguided Patriotism spread the alarm, 'The Union is in danger!'

Interest muttered, 'You will ruin our manufactures—you will destroy our commerce—you will beggar the planter!'

Despotism vociferated, 'Let my victims alone! Rob me not of my dominion!' and a

Mistaken philanthropy would set on foot a piecemeal reformation, and recommend gradualism for the special benefit of the pining slave.

Whom, then, should they obey? He boldly answered, God; who required that men should '*cease* to do evil.' But that he might not be accused of dealing only in abstract views of this question, he would take up the various objections to immediate emancipation, and endeavor to show

that in the eye of reason and selfishness too, they were groundless and absurd.

Mr. Thompson proceeded to prove the safety, practicability and advantages of immediate emancipation. It would be impossible to do justice to this part of the lecture in this brief notice.

The question was frequently asked, 'Why should New England interfere in the slave-system of the South?' Because, said Mr. T., the slaves are your fellow-men—they are your neighbors, and you are commanded to love them as yourselves, and to remember them in bonds as bound with them. They are your fellow-citizens—declared to be so by your glorious Declaration of Independence. You supply the South, and therefore are connected with this trade of blood. You consume the produce of the South, and thus effectually promote the cause of oppression there. You are taxed to maintain the Slavery of the South. You are in the habit of giving up the slaves of the South who seek refuge amongst you. Your colored citizens are liable to be seized and sold, if they go to the South. You live under the same Constitution as the South, and are therefore bound to amend that constitution, if it be at present unjust in any of its parts. Your Congress has supreme control over the District of Columbia, Arkansas, and Florida, and you ought, therefore, to call for the immediate extinction of Slavery in these places. You exert a powerful influence over the South and the States generally. You are able to control the destinies of the slaves in this country. You are responsible to God for the employment of your moral energies. Come, then, to the work. First, let the question be fairly discussed amongst you. Do not be afraid to entertain it. Sooner or later, you must grapple with it. The speedier the better. Discard your prejudices. Give up your pre-conceived opinions, and bring to the consideration of this great subject, open and impartial minds,—a tender regard for the interests of your fellow-man,—a sincere and enlightened desire for your country's true honor and greatness, and a deep sense of your accountability to God.

Mr. Thompson next addressed the ladies present, and urged the necessity of their engaging in this work of mercy. It was not a political, but a moral and religious ques-

tion. All were called upon to labor in the cause—all were able to do so. While some preached and lectured on the subject, others could distribute tracts, collect contributions, and converse with their friends. The principles of justice and truth would thus be diffused—prejudice and ignorance would give way, and an amount of influence finally created, sufficient to purge the stain of slavery forever from the land.

Mr. Thompson was listened to throughout with the most profound attention, and every appearance of deep interest. The Rev. Messrs. Rand, Twining, and Pease, were present. At the conclusion of the lecture, the last named gentleman gave out a hymn suited to the occasion, which was sung by the choir, and after a benediction had been pronounced, the audience separated.

REMARKS OF MR. THOMPSON.

The following is a sketch of Mr. Thompson's remarks, delivered at the adjourned meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, October 9, 1834.

I have always found it a peculiarly difficult task to address an assembly like the present. Strange as it may appear, I am generally tongue-tied when in the midst of friends. During my short career, I have had to deal with much opposition. I have had to contend with the foes of human freedom—the upholders and abettors of slavery; but thanks to the goodness of my cause, and the strength and number of those arguments which are always at hand to maintain it, I have seldom failed to find something to say. But I confess that now, when I find myself amongst the earliest friends and foremost champions of this righteous cause—amongst those who have been the pioneers in this glorious campaign, and are, therefore, more intimately acquainted than I can be, with the trials and the tactics of the war, I feel myself reduced to almost dwarfish dimensions, and would gladly take the lowly seat my humble merits assign me. As the representative, however, of a kindred host who have fought and conquered in another department of the same field, I consider myself warranted to address to you a few words; and, speaking of them, I shall be freed from the embarrassment I should experience, if obliged to refer exclusively to myself.

In the name of the abolitionists of Great Britain, then, let me congratulate you upon the noble, the unexampled stand you have made in the cause of freedom. Multitudes on the other side of the Atlantic have watched, with thrilling interest, your progress hitherto. A few years ago, and slavery in this Union rioted in unchecked dominion, unassailed by one bold, vigorous and uncompromising antagonist. I say not that all were then the friends of slavery. No: thousands hated it, and in secret mourned over

its multiplied abominations ; but there was found no one undaunted enough to proclaim aloud upon the house-top, and in the highways of this people, that it was the duty of America to open the prison doors and let the oppressed go free—in a word, to denounce slaveholding as a foul and heinous crime, and call for *immediate, entire, and unconditional emancipation*. In the meantime, a plan had been devised to gather up and appropriate the wide-spread sympathies of the nation. In an evil hour, the hand of prejudice opened a channel wide enough to allow the sentiments, feelings and energies of all classes to flow onwards together. This channel was the American Colonization Society, through which flowed, for many years, the mingled waters of oppression, prejudice, philanthropy, and religion. It passed through the New England States, and many were the tributary streams which helped to swell its tide. It deepened and widened as it went, until at last it had secured the smile of the slave holder—the zealous cooperation of the prejudiced—the warmest wishes of the benevolent—the prayers of the pious—and the contributions of all ;—and the high and the mighty, the senator and the clergyman, the infidel and the christian, the slave-oppressor and the slave-defender, the tradesman and the mechanic floated proudly and self-complacently upon its bosom, upborne and wafted onwards by elements as heterogeneous and delusive as any ever assembled together. What, however, appeared a sea of glory and a gale of prosperity to the white man, was viewed by the colored man as the whirlwind of oppression, and the vortex of destruction. During this reign of prejudice and oppression, there arose a man bold enough to undertake the perilous work of contending with the insidious foes and mistaken friends of the colored race. The work was gigantic, and all but hopeless ; but he was not appalled. Much was to be *undone*, and much to be *done*, ere the public mind could be disabused of error, and brought to view the great question in the light of Truth. The scheme of Colonization *pleased all*. It gratified prejudice—soothed the conscience—left slavery uncondemned and unmolested—while it professed to promote the freedom and happiness of the free colored population, and at the same time advance the interests of Africa, by preventing the slave-trade along her coast, and

diffusing the blessings of the gospel amongst her benighted tribes. On the contrary, the doctrines of immediate emancipation, *without expatriation*, and the admission of the colored man into the unabridged privileges of the constitution, were calculated to *offend all*—and raise the outcry of ‘ROBBERY!’ ‘AMALGAMATION!’ ‘THE UNION IS IN DANGER!’ &c. &c. And it was so. It was soon seen that if these doctrines obtained, not only was the ‘craft’ of the slaveholder ‘in danger,’ but also the temple of the great goddess Diana (*alias* the American Colonization Society) would ‘be despised, and her magnificence destroyed, whom all’ America ‘and the world worshipped.’ ‘When they heard the sayings of this man, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians!”’ ‘And the whole city’ was filled with confusion.’ And ‘they rushed with one accord into the theatre.’* ‘Some cried one thing, and some another; for the assembly was confused: and the more part knew not wherefore they came together.’ But they all agreed in shouting for ‘about the space of two hours, Great is Diana of the Ephesians!’ Notwithstanding all this fury, the cause of Truth and Justice went forward gloriously, and we are witnesses this day of the marvellous revolution which has been effected in public opinion. The ‘craft’ is indeed, ‘in danger.’ the great ‘goddess’ is already ‘despised,’ ‘and her magnificence destroyed.’ The subject of *immediate emancipation* which once might not be discussed---no, not even in a whisper, is now the topic of conversation and debate from one extremity of your Union to the other. A spirit of enquiry is abroad, and vain as well as wicked are the attempts to extinguish it. It will increase and continue until the whole truth is investigated, and the investigation will infallibly lead to a conviction of the practicability, safety and necessity of Immediate Emancipation. Your present position is a splendid and encouraging proof of what may be done by one man, when he boldly asserts the principles of eternal rectitude.

The events which have transpired in this country during

* The appositeness of Mr. Thompson’s quotation from Acts, 19th chapter, will be seen in reference to the published accounts of the disturbances in New York in December last, when Chatham-street Chapel (once a theatre) was attacked and broken into by the mob.

the last four years, have been regarded in Great Britain with the deepest interest. At first, many were dazzled and beguiled by the specious representations given of the principles and operations of the Colonization Society, but the exposures of that Society by Capt. Stuart, and Mr. Cropper, and lastly, by our devoted brother Mr. Garrison, during his visit to our country, have caused its doctrines to be almost universally repudiated. There is every disposition among British abolitionists to extend to you their sympathy, their counsel, and their contributions. My presence amongst you to-day is a proof and a pledge of their desire and determination to be associated with you, in your hallowed enterprize. In thus tendering you our help, we disclaim the remotest intention of interfering to an unwarrantable extent in the political questions of your country. Ours is a question of morals, humanity, and religion. We are the friends of mankind universally, and have made an appeal to christians throughout all the world, to join with us in abolishing slavery and the slave-trade, wherever they exist. In doing so, we believe we have a sanction and commission from Heaven, and we long for the day, when in this country there shall no longer be heard the clank of fetters and the moan of the oppressed; but freed from the guilt of slavery and prejudice, you will be united with us in the blessed work of carrying the tidings of redemption to the ends of the earth.'

Mr. Thompson proceeded to give an account of the formation in London of a 'British and Foreign Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade throughout the world,' and read several extracts, explanatory of its principles and proposed plans of operation.

'I have thus (said Mr. T.) very briefly glanced at what has been done, and is still doing, both here and in Great Britain. We stand, however, but upon the threshold of the great work of universal freedom. In this country, you have but barely commenced. Take courage, however, and go forward. The hottest part of the battle is to come. Colonizationism is not yet dead. Follow up your blows until it gives up the ghost, and its mis-shapen trunk is buried from your sight. You have yet to contend with slaveholders, their kindred, friends, agents and mercenaries; with those who supply the south; with the haters of the colored

population ; with a fierce and malignant press ; with mistaken philanthropists ; with fearful abolitionists ; with thousands of christians who apologize for slavery ; and with ignorance and apathy, in every direction. Let none of these things dismay you. Let your measures be bold and uncompromising, yet governed by wisdom and charity. The struggle will be hard, but victory is certain. A few short years will sweep away the frail fabrics which ignorance, prejudice, and dim-sighted expediency have reared upon this blood-bought soil ; but your principles, like a foundation of adamant, will remain unsullied and unmoved, and the lapse of ages will only reveal to the world, in the light of a clearer demonstration, the divinity of their origin, and the immutability of their duration.'

LETTER FROM PORTLAND.

PORTLAND, (ME.) OCT. 28, 1834.

MY DEAR GARRISON,

It is now more than a fortnight since I parted with you in Boston, on my way to the Anti-Slavery Convention at Augusta. The time has rolled rapidly away. Each day has brought with it duties and occupations, which have either absorbed the mind in the study and discussion of the 'great question,' or engaged the feelings of the heart in communion with those who are nobly seeking the welfare of the oppressed. Besides the claims exerted by kind friends and solemn duties upon the heart and head, the eye has been continually arrested by some new object. Wherever I have travelled, by land or by water, I have been constantly reminded that I am in *New* and not *Old* England. The size, beauty, construction, and management of your unrivalled steam vessels:—the splendid autumnal tints of your forest foliage;—the appearance of your cities and towns, as they are seen from the deck of one of your floating palaces, as she proudly approaches the port, 'walking the water like a thing of life;'—your stage coaches and tavern accommodations;—your hedgeless fields, covered with antediluvian fragments, or the stumps of hundreds of demolished trees, or plentiful crops of Indian corn and pumpkins;—the garbs and vehicles of your happy, enterprising and independent Yankee farmers;—your beautiful meeting-houses, every where visible, their modest spires directing the mind of the thoughtful traveller upward to nature's God;—All these novel and striking scenes, calculated to interest, most deeply, every intelligent stranger. In my mind they have awakened new and strong emotions. Nor have I been less affected by the more romantic portions of the scenes I have witnessed. Every thing is full of thrilling association and historical interest. Already, in imagination, I have lived a thousand years upon your soil. I have roamed the banks of the Kennebeck and the

Penobscot with the Indian hunter ;—I have plunged with him into your pathless woods,

‘ Where rang of old the rifle shot ; ’

have mingled with the untutored worshippers of the ‘ Great Spirit ;—have listened to the eloquence of barbarian sages, and witnessed the deeds and death of generations, whose kindlier fate it was to ‘ have their being ’ ere science guided the white man to those shores, and the hand of an insatiate dominion commenced by the guilty work of conquest, robbery, and extermination. I have passed downwards through the bloody period of your political regeneration, and have caught a spark of genuine patriotism from off the purest altar on which its hallowed fire was ever seen to glow—the heart of Washington. I have lived through ages yet to come. I have seen this people rise like Nineveh of old ; and ‘ proclaim a fast, and put on sackcloth and ashes, from the greatest even to the least ; and cry mightily to God, and turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence that is in his hands.’ I have heard the omnipotent voice of Justice thundering in the Capitol, and echoing from the Halls of Legislation in the South. I have seen exulting millions trample in the dust the galling chain of an execrated tyranny, and with uplifted hands invoke the blessing of God on a nation, that had at last broke ‘ every yoke,’ and set ‘ the oppressed free.’ But I will forbear to describe further the visions I have had of the past and the future, and return to speak of recent efforts in which I have been honored to join—efforts, to bring near the day of redemption, which, in fancy, I have already realized.

Sunday, Oct. 12. I spent this day in Portland. In the morning, I accompanied Gen. Fessenden to the meeting-house of the Third Parish, and heard a very excellent sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Dwight. In the afternoon I enjoyed the privilege of addressing a congregation of colored persons in the Abyssinian church. This was the first time I had ever worshipped in a place, exclusively appropriated to colored persons ; nor had I ever, on any occasion, seen so many assembled together. I analyzed my mind, with some anxiety, to discern, if, in these entirely

new circumstances, any feelings of prejudice or dislike were called forth. I can with truth declare, that I experienced none. The attention paid to the services was apparently deep. The deportment of all, decent and devout. The singing good; and the whole appearance of the audience that of intelligence and respectability. In the evening I lectured in the First Christian church. The audience numbered upwards of 1200. I was heard with the greatest patience and attention for upwards of two hours.

Monday, 13. Proceeded with Mr. Phelps to Brunswick, and in the evening lectured in the Rev. Mr. Titcomb's church, to a numerous and respectable auditory. The students from Bowdoin College were all present.

Tuesday, 14. Left Brunswick, and reached Hallowell about 6 o'clock.

Wednesday, 15. Went to Augusta, the Capital of this state. At 11, the Anti-Slavery Convention assembled.—I was introduced by a very kind and flattering speech from Gen. Fessenden; and on his motion, was elected a corresponding member of the Convention. In the evening, I delivered a somewhat long address. Was very hospitably entertained by the Rev. Mr. Tappan. Some remarks of mine, during the speech referred to, gave offence to a certain party in the town; and the first manifestation of their displeasure, was to visit the house of my host, about 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, and break nine or ten squares of glass.

Thursday, 16. Attended the morning meeting of the Convention. A little before 1, was called out of the Convention by Mr. Tappan, and informed that *five gentlemen* were in an anti-room waiting to see me. On being introduced to them, they said that they came from a meeting of citizens, that morning held, to inform me, that my speech of the previous night, had given great offence—that I was regarded as a foreign emissary, an officious intermeddler, &c. &c.—and that, therefore, I should not be permitted to attend the afternoon sitting of the Convention, but must leave the town *immediately*. I returned a calm and respectful answer, declining, however, to say whether I should comply with the 'Notice to quit.' At dinner, I consulted with some friends, and it was finally

arranged that I should abide at Mr. Tappan's until the remaining business of the Convention was transacted, and then retire to Hallowell, the neighboring town, and lecture there in the evening. During the afternoon sitting, the Convention passed a resolution, unanimously welcoming me to this country, and recommending me to the confidence and hospitable attention of the Christian community. At 5, I bid farewell to Augusta. At 7, I lectured in the Baptist church, Hallowell, to a very numerous and attentive auditory. A number of my opponents from Augusta were present. The people of Hallowell, however, had determined, that no '*foreign interference*' should prevent them from hearing my address. I was therefore permitted to lecture in peace, and I have since heard, that my address produced a good impression.

Friday, 17. At 10 o'clock Mr. Grosvenor of Salem, Mr. Bacon, and myself, started for Waterville. On arriving at the College, we were very warmly greeted by Professor Newton. In the evening, I lectured in the Baptist Church to a very large auditory, including *all* the students from the College. The utmost attention was paid to my address, which lasted two hours.

Saturday, 18. Saw a number of the students. Received a letter and some verses, expressive of the feelings of all the students towards me, and wishing me 'God speed,' in my labors in this land. The Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society in the College, writing to Mr. Phelps, says,—'*Mr. Thompson had a large congregation last evening, and our students enthusiastically admire him. His coming here, brought over ALL that remained in the College, at least.*' General Fessenden of this place, who was at Waterville with me, and has two sons in the College, told me last night, that after my lecture, six students who had previously opposed the abolitionists, requested permission to sign the Constitution of the Anti-Slavery Society, and be promoters of the cause they had hitherto withstood. Thirty-nine of the students became monthly subscribers of 12½ cents to the funds of the American Anti-Slavery Society, making a total of about 59 dollars a year.

Monday, 20. Brunswick. In the morning, at 12, Mr. Phelps and myself met upwards of seventy students in the

College chapel, and had a familiar conversation respecting various disputed points—the students proposed questions, and we answered them. In the afternoon, at 2, we held a small meeting at the Conference Room, in the village, where we had a very interesting conversation with a select company. In the evening, at 7, I lectured in the Baptist church to a full house.

Tuesday, 21. In the morning, at eight, we met upwards of one hundred students in the College chapel, and had a second friendly discussion on various points connected with the question. They seemed exceedingly sorry that we were obliged to depart in the course of that day. At 1 o'clock, we left for Portland.

Wednesday, 22. Held a meeting in the evening in the Friends' meeting house. The place was crowded. Speeches were made by the Rev. Mr. Adams of Brunswick, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Grosvenor of Salem, and myself. There is reason to believe, that some were converted, and many others half won over.

Thursday, 23. In the afternoon, at 3, about 120 ladies assembled in the Friends' meeting-house, and were addressed by the gentlemen named above. The ladies agreed to meet again on Saturday afternoon. I have no doubt that a flourishing society will be established among the ladies of this city. In the evening, at 7, I met the Committees of the two male Anti-Slavery Societies in this place. Mr. Phelps and myself were earnestly requested to prolong our visit, and hold meetings as often as possible. Mr. Phelps agreeing to stay as long as I would, and feeling a conviction that we might be useful, I consented to delay my departure for a few days.

Friday, 24. In the evening, Mr. Phelps and myself held a meeting in the meeting-house of the Third Parish, and delivered addresses. The audience was very numerous, respectable, and attentive.

Saturday, 25. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, we had a large audience of ladies in the above church. Long addresses were delivered by Mr. Phelps and myself.

Sunday, 26. In the evening, at 7, lectured in the Second Christian church. Although the weather was most inclement, the church was filled.

Monday, 27. Met the colored people in the Abyssinian church. Prayers were offered by the Rev. Messrs. Coe and Blackman; also by the Rev. Mr. Munro, colored ministers. Mr. Phelps and myself gave addresses. The attendance was exceedingly good. We pointed out to our colored brethren the great necessity of their exhibiting a pure and blameless conduct, both for their own sake and for the good of the cause of emancipation, which might be materially advanced or retarded according to the impression made upon the public mind by their public and private demeanor.

You have now before you a very brief notice of my proceedings during the last sixteen days. These days have to me been full of interest and instruction. Proofs are every where abundant, that the cause of Truth is spreading mightily. It must, I think, greatly cheer you, my dear brother, to see the principles, which, a few years ago, you advocated almost alone, and in the face of danger, persecution, and poverty, thus going forth in their omnipotence—promising soon to pervade the whole land, and pull down the strong holds of robbery and oppression. Let us go onward. God is with us. While *principle* is our guide, no weapon formed against us will prosper. Let us beware of '*expediency*.' It is the harlot on whose knees too many good and great men sleep, and are shorn of their strength.

That you may soon see the desire of your heart, in the redemption of your beloved country from the twin abominations of *Prejudice and Slavery*, is the prayer of

Yours, affectionately,

GEO. THOMPSON.

LETTER FROM GEN. FESSENDEN :

To the Editor of the N. Y. Evangelist.

PORTLAND, ME., Nov. 2, 1384.

As you have already received and published a correct account of the formation of a State A. S. Society for Maine, an event which diffuses general joy among the friends of the cause of immediate abolition, and increases the hopes of its advocates, I do not recur to the event for any other object, than as it was the occasion of drawing into this State that distinguished friend of the cause, George Thompson, Esq.

I had the pleasure of attending most of his lectures while among us, and cannot but say, I feel thankful to God, who has inclined his heart to embark in the mighty undertaking of the emancipation of *American slaves*, having in conjunction with the great and good, achieved the emancipation of *British slaves*. Next to Him, 'who holds the hearts of men in his hands, and turns them as the rivers of waters are turned,' I feel grateful to Mr. T., who has given himself liberally to the work, and to those beloved philanthropists who have furnished the means of his coming. Never, in my humble judgment, was an individual better qualified for the mighty task which he has come to aid than is Mr. T. Every word every action affords strong evidence that he enters on his labors with a heart overflowing with Christian philanthropy, and devoted to the God-like cause which he has come to sustain and enforce.

I place first among his qualifications as an advocate of abolition, the spirit of Christ with which he is, most evidently, deeply imbued, and which he breathes forth in every address, and I might add, in almost every sentence. On his tongue, is emphatically the law of kindness. This is as it should be. Next his powers of mind are evidently of a superior order. And if you add the gifts and graces

of a thorough systematic education, it must necessarily follow that he must be a powerful advocate of any cause to which he might devote his attention, and upon which he should bring such a mind to bear. He has—great, complicated, delicate, and I might say overwhelming as it is—completely mastered the subject. It must have been considered by him in its infinitely important relations, both to time and eternity, with a clearness of perception which is the result of the combined agency of pure and elevated religious affections, and a powerful and discriminating intellect. That Mr. Thompson should possess a very thorough knowledge of the evils of slavery generally, and of its appropriate remedies, I was prepared to expect; but I was not prepared to see him display such a thorough and intimate acquaintance with the constitution and laws, and *genius* of our government, if I may use the expression, and with the constitution and laws of the slaveholding states, as he has evidently acquired. He seems to be as familiar with them all as one born and educated upon the soil polluted by this mightiest of evils—this most flagrant of sins. He seems like one who has traced this system through all its labyrinths of iniquity, to its polluted source; and to have uncovered its dark streams, and to exhibit to the moral and mental eye how it gushes from the grand reservoir of all plagues, the bottomless pit.

Such a man, on such a subject, cannot fail to be eloquent. Mr. Thompson is truly so. I think all who have heard him, both the friends and enemies of the cause, will sustain me in this. If to convince the understanding, to captivate the heart and engage the affections is eloquence, then Mr. T. is eloquent.

You will pardon me for adverting to the manner in which Mr. T. manages the question, and which bears me out in saying that he must prove a powerful agent in the accomplishment of the emancipation of the slaves and the extinction of slavery in our beloved country.

Mr. Thompson lays the foundation of his argument on the immutable law of God, and shows that slavery in all its shapes and forms, even the mildest it can assume, is opposed to the great and universal law of love—that, therefore, no one who claims to hold his fellow-man as property, can be guiltless—that the assumption of such a right is wresting

from Jehovah his own peculiar prerogative, and must, therefore, be an aggravated sin—that it is the duty of all who are guilty, and that it is imperatively required, *instantly* to cease from this as well as from all other sins—that the only path of safety is the path of obedience—and that this is safe. That humanity, justice, the best interest of the slaveholder, as well as the slave, are in accordance with the law of God, and that we may safely rest on the promises of God that he will reward obedience in this, as well as in all other cases, by averting any evils which may be found as the result of obedience to his holy and righteous behests.

Such has been the scope of his argument. To do justice to his power in illustrating and enforcing it as well by the divine law, as promulgated in the word of God, as by the law written on the heart, and in the understanding, and enforced by an enlightened conscience, and confirmed by the whole history of mankind, and the dealings of Jehovah with individuals and nations, I would not attempt. Let him be heard, only, and any attempt I might make would be useless.

But, it will naturally be asked, what has been the effect produced upon the cause of the oppressed which he has thus been pleading? On those who have heard, I have no hesitation in saying the effect has been great and salutary. The decided have been aroused to more vigorous exertion—the roving confirmed, and not a few, *of the comparatively few*, of the decided opponents, who were induced to attend, have been converted, or brought to pause in their career of opposition.

But while I have the satisfaction of stating that the audiences, in point of numbers and moral worth, were respectable and in most instances large, still, a large proportion of the people, the professed friends of colonization, and most of our clergymen of the various denominations, and especially in this city, refused to hear. Some deeming the cause too secular to be considered by the religious community, and too unholy to be discussed from the pulpit.

Then in some instances it was found difficult to procure a suitable house, and in some we were met by absolute refusal. In some instances clergymen, professing to be opposed to slavery, refused even to give notice of our meet-

ings from the pulpit. The Rev. Mr. Dwight, one of our most talented and active ministers of the congregational order in this city, refused to give the following notice :

‘ Mr. Thompson, from England, will lecture at 7 o’clock this evening, at the Christian chapel in Temple-street, on the subject of immediate emancipation, when he will attempt to show that such emancipation is not only required by the word of God, but is also the only just, safe or expedient remedy for American Slavery.

‘ All the friends of liberty, humanity, and religion, are respectfully invited to attend.’

I give this instance to show the spirit of the opposition with which we have to contend, and how far this awful sin of slavery has given a tinge to the minds of some, and I fear many, of our great and good men.

But I trust none of these things move us from our purpose, never to rest till an end is put to this crying abomination of our land.

Mr. T., I trust, will ere long visit your city, and that he may be heard, and rightly appreciated, is my earnest prayer. I am, dear sir, most affectionately,

Your friend and servant,

SAMUEL FESSENDEN.

MR. THOMPSON AT PLYMOUTH, N. H.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 17, 1834.

DEAR GARRISON—We were highly animated Thursday, the 13th, at a stage arrival in our little village, bearing the ‘honored freight,’ Messrs. THOMPSON, GROSVENOR and PHELPS, fresh from the *field of Convention* at Concord.

To see George Thompson here among us, at some period of his beneficent sojourn, we had fondly hoped, from the moment you announced to us his intended embarkation from England. But to greet him so soon after his landing, and to hear him speak, within our own walls, while his locks were yet wet with the dews of New York hospitality, was a favor we had not anticipated. What a delicate and discerning taste, by the way, this despotic New-York tavern-keeper must have, and this mobocracy of ours in general, to vent their fine courtesies upon a subject like him! Who that *beheld* George Thompson merely, could imagine that there existed a brutality, even in New-York, *brutal* enough to do him harm or show him unkindness? Burns tells of a Scottish lass, that the ‘very de’il’ could not look in the face but he would cry out—‘I canna wrang thee.’ Our mobocracy might take lessons of civility and humanity of the bard’s ‘de’il,’ as I fear they have taken, of a spirit having other existence than in the imagination of profane poetry. I really wondered, as I gazed on the elegant and interesting stranger, that a tavern-keeper could be found in all the *hog-traversed* streets of our republican Babylon, of a *civility* so *swinish* as to turn him from his door,—even were it to humor the sovereign and awful caprice of a man-jockey from the south? His wife and little children, too, routed of a poor home that a tavern could yield them in a strange land,—the first night, I believe, of their respite from the sea! Shame on you, most magnan-

imous inn-holder ! and shame on the public, that will countenance the impudent brutality.

But I set out to give you a slight account of our anti-slavery occasion, and the addresses of our noble friends to the good people of Grafton county. It was a capital occasion. A court session had drawn together the flower of the shire. Our fine, intellectual bar, that will rank in talent and honorable character with any in New England ;--- our jury pannels, the prime of the yeomanry of a temperance community ;—these, with a considerable amount of merit and eminence *ex officio*, and the other following of a county assize, making up a pretty full representation of our local public, afforded grand materials for an anti-slavery auditory. Then we had some distinguished talent from out the county. Our ample court house, *condescendingly* opened to us in the evening, was filled at first ray of candle. A fair proportion of ladies graced the attendance,—the clergy from this and other surrounding towns,—and, to add dignity and interest to the meeting, gentlemen advanced somewhat in life, of high judicial station in better times than these,—now retired,—came several miles, in the air of a November evening, to countenance the occasion and hear the advocate of the Negro—gentlemen who, though not professedly abolitionists, and not *altogether ready perhaps to allow the colored man his right*, if it were thought immediately practicable, yet far above the vulgar prejudice against him that infects our ordinary great, and too sagacious to trifle with the black man's plea. The auditory was, on the whole, one of the finest that could be gathered, and numbered several hundreds. The Hon. S. P. Webster was *prevailed* on to incur the hazards of the chair. The meeting was opened by prayer from the Rev. Mr. Grosvenor—our own beloved minister being called for, but not not having reached the meeting. A hymn followed—appropriate words, set to music by an ingenious abolition neighbor, who led the singing. Bro. Phelps then offered the following resolution—if I can remember accurately, through the splendid discussion that followed—That Immediate and Entire Emancipation is the only righteous, efficient, safe or practicable remedy for American slavery ; and that it was the solemn duty of every American citizen

to address himself forthwith to its consummation, by every christian means. He sustained the resolution in a series of pertinent and forcible remarks for fifteen or twenty minutes; though evidently, to us who knew him, with restrained powers. He was succeeded by Mr. Grosvenor, who spoke about the same time; and though manifestly with intent mainly to pave the way for what was to come after, he rose to high and affecting strains of eloquence. He was especially happy in a comparison of the trifling causes which employed the zeal and talents of counsel in that Seat of Justice, with the unutterable wrongs of two millions and a half of *clients*, in whose behalf he pleaded. But he forebore, he said, to take the time belonging to his gifted friend, who was to follow him, for whom he hoped the candid hearing of the auditors, as he was sure he would have their hearts.

George Thompson rose before the hushed assembly. They did not cheer him—it is not their habit—and if it had been, they had no such welcome for the advocate of the despised Negro. We have wronged the colored man too long and too deeply to readily *forgive* him, or to regard with complacency the man who ventures to take up his cause. Had the orator risen for the Polander or the Greek, or in behalf of any *honorable* or *classical* suffering, the walls would have rung with enthusiastic acclamation; but it is otherwise towards the advocate of the poor, the despised, the injured, the scorned, and ‘him that had none to help him.’ The multitude regarded him in deep silence. Slowly, solemnly, and with wonderful expression, he summoned them to the momentous importance of the subject on which he was entering, and challenged the mention of any that could hold comparison with it, as it bore on the interests of man or the weal of this nation. After a brief preliminary, he bore away into a stream of argument and eloquent appeal to which I had witnessed no parallel, and of which I can attempt no account. For an hour—it may be two hours—I could form no estimate of the time by its lapse—he held the surprised and reluctant assembly in breathless attention. I do not conjecture their emotions or convictions. There were no plaudits—no more than at the defence before Agrippa, or the reasonings before Felix. To some the orator may have seemed ‘beside himself’—

‘mad’ with ‘much learning.’ Others may have ‘almost been persuaded.’ I cannot detail his arguments, or give any—the faintest idea of his impression. I have a dazzling impression on my memory of a portraiture of American slavery—terribly graphic—an exposition of the Levitical Law, in its bearings on ancient servitude and on modern slavery—one which, I think, will forever deter all who heard it, from venturing thither for warrant or apology for the infamous system of American slaveholding :—of a glance at Abraham and his household, marching to the slaughter of the kings—a train little enough resembling a gang of sullen, heavy-footed negroes, goaded to the rice swarm—and still less a cofile of chained men moving through Freedom’s capital, at the sound of her national music, to a more dismal bondage in the far south. St. Paul’s *recapture* and *remanding* of the fugitive Onesimus, was illustrated by a commentary that will effectually warn all our scripture-mongers, who go about vindicating this slavery (which they hate worse than the abolitionists) from the bible, against quoting again from the epistle to Philemon ! The utter impracticability of gradual or partial emancipation,—the danger of indulging the captive with a lengthened chain, while you hold him still bound,—the folly of attempting a lingering release of him from his thralldom, link by link,—and the dangers of *immediate* emancipation, he portrayed. From the two million and a half of butchers who would be ‘*let loose*’ upon the defenceless white folks, by immediate abolition, he begged leave to make some detachments. First, he begged to detach all the *infancy*. This would hardly add to the force of an insurrection. Then all the childhood, below the years tall enough to reach a throat to cut it ;—then the decrepit age, whose vigor had long been exhausted in slavery’s toil, and which even emancipation could not recall ;—the mothers rejoicing in their children—*theirs* at last beyond the reach of the auctioneer and the kidnapper ;—the countless band of sable youth and beauty, with modesty sacrificed and affections offered up on the altar of the white man’s shame ; then the sick---a host at all times under the ‘tender mercies’ of the system ; the christians---‘resisting not evil’---much less rising upon benefactors ; and last and least too---the favorite slaves---the ‘*kindly treated.*’ All

these he would detach, and *be thankful for* ; and against the *revengeful gratitude* of the residue, he commended the defenceless master to the strong arm of the law, to justice and to God. Oh, for the pen of a ready writer, to have caught his glorious refutation of the impious slander that the black man was inferior in native capacity to his oppressor ! His burning reprehension of our demanding fruit from the tree to which we denied the fertility of the earth, the dew, the shower, and the sunshine ; consigning it to darkness and sterility, and then scornfully demanding of it foliage and fruits ! I doubt if the stenographer could have availed himself of his art to arrest his enchanting exclamations, ‘ they could be felt, but could not be followed.’ I cannot speak of his reading and comments on the fiftieth of Isaiah. Every christian ought to have come to the field upon it, as at the sound of a trumpet. He cried aloud, and he did not spare. He spoke of the south and the slaveholder in terms of christian affection—declared himself a brother to the slave-master—a fellow sinner—under like condemnation with him, but for the grace of God—of the country—its history, its great names, its blood-bought privileges, and its blood-cemented union ; he spoke with thrilling and overpowering admiration, lamenting the stain of slavery upon our otherwise glorious renown. Much as I was captivated with his oratory and force, it was the sweet spirit of the christian that won most my admiration and affection, it was the spirit of the ‘ beloved disciple’—and he comes into this guilty land not ‘ to spy out its nakedness, or abundance, or to regard our boasted politics ; but in obedience to that solemn command, ‘ Go ye into all nations ;’ and to the ‘ Lo, I am with you,’ we commit him, for protection against the violence of our multitudes and the councils of our chief priests and pharisees.

After he had closed, the resolution was put to the meeting for their adoption. It was read by the chairman with a feeling somewhat *below* the fervor of the speaker. Still, a very goodly number of hands were raised in its support, and only *three* were seen to go up in answer to the call for opposition. *Three hands!*—and these were of gentlemen—scholars—bred to the *generous* pursuits of learning ! Before the addresses, scarcely *three*, beside the few profess-

ed abolitionists, would have risen in favor of the doctrines of the resolution.

The assembly dispersed quietly and with the utmost decorum, after prayer by our beloved pastor.

Many abolitionists were confirmed, and many, I have no doubt, made at the meeting. The addresses were spoken of with universal admiration, the cause opposed with moderated and respectful tone. The result will be most happy for the cause. I have only to say that our brethren might come among us again. Another such hearing would assemble thousands, and thousands may assemble in Grafton county without danger of mobs. We have enough of honorable character among the opposition to hold our mobocracy in respectful check. I hope they will visit us again early. This county is an important section of the State. The temperance cause received some of its earliest and most powerful impulses here, and 'good temperance ground is good abolition ground.'

In haste, my dear sir,—too much to retrench my long and crude letter,—I remain, truly and affectionately, yours,
N. P. ROGERS.

MR. THOMPSON AT PAWTUCKET, R. I.

PAWTUCKET, Nov. 28, 1834.

MR. GARRISON :—Mr. Thompson has made a powerful, happy, and, I trust, *lasting* impression in favor of the cause of emancipation in the city of Providence. In the providence of God, I was prevented hearing him ; but the tree is known by the fruit, and *of that* I can say it is good and abundant.

Whatever of prejudice might have been entertained by any of his audience against him personally, was vanquished forthwith, and lost in a conviction of his disinterested love to God and man, and his honesty of purpose ; and that in his mission and labors, he is moved by the invincible agency of Christian philanthropy. He said that ‘ he was accused of being a foreigner, but that could not be his fault, for he was not consulted respecting the place of his birth ; had he been, he might have chosen to have been born in the good city of Providence.’

Of his eloquence, I have heard but one sentiment expressed, viz. that it is of the very first order. An acquaintance of mine, a political editor, said, that he did not hesitate to pronounce him the *most* eloquent speaker he had ever heard. Nor were his hearers merely delighted and entertained with his fascinating powers of oratory : his *arguments* seemed to carry all by *the board*, and I have reason to believe made a multitude of converts.

Yesterday we had the unspeakable satisfaction of welcoming Mr. Thompson to our village, and of hearing him address a large and attentive audience in the first Baptist meeting-house. He was extremely interesting, although

it was said, by those who had previously heard him, that it was far from being one of his most happy efforts. He said that he did not speak easy at all. This difficulty, I think, may partly be attributed to the house not being the most happily constructed for easy speaking, especially for a stranger, and partly to the unhappy time of the day which we fixed upon for the commencement, which circumscribed him in respect to time, and must have been peculiarly embarrassing. The audience, however, so far as I am informed, were highly gratified, and the unanimous desire expressed is to hear him again.

Mr. Thompson was literally thronged with company at his lodgings, at the house of our friend, Mr. WILLIAM ADAMS, who were no less instructed than delighted with his most agreeable demeanor, and appropriate and pertinent conversation.

I thank God for such a laborer in the cause. My dear Brother, what hath God wrought! Some four years ago, you were almost alone in your labors in this cause in New-England: now a host have been raised up in the length and breadth of the whole land, who have joined the holy standard; and, in addition to this, brethren from beyond the seas fly to our aid, helping onward the invincible cause with their prayers, untiring toil, and eloquence almost commensurate with the merits of the cause they so dearly love. Generations yet unborn shall rise up to call STUART and THOMPSON, with the American Philanthropists who have jeopardised their earthly all in the cause of abolition; I say, they shall rise up, and call them blessed.

One circumstance transpired yesterday, which was, to me, as I trust it was to all who witnessed it, most solemnly affecting and impressive, which I must not omit mentioning. After we had been a few moments seated in the pulpit, I perceived that some one was endeavoring to gain, although with extreme difficulty, the ascendancy of the pulpit stairs; and on opening the door, who do you think it was found to be? A mobocrat, ready to seize on Mr. Thompson, tear him from the house, and tar and feather him? Nay; it was the venerable MOSES BROWN, at the advanced age of ninety-seven, pressing forward, as if sent by God to place himself on the platform by the side of his trans-atlantic

brother, not only to hear from his lips the doctrines which he himself has so long advocated, and reduced to practice in his life, but also to sanction, by his patriarchal and venerable presence, the cause of philanthropy in which he was engaged!

We hope soon to be blessed with another visit from Mr. Thompson.

Yours sincerely,
RAY POTTER.

MR. THOMPSON AT LOWELL.

WEDNESDAY Dec. 3, 1834.

MR. GARRISON—A brief and hasty sketch is all I can now send you of occurrences in our good little town of Lowell, during the visit of our invaluable friend Thompson, He came among us on invitation, to give lectures on Sabbath, Monday and Tuesday evenings of the present week. We had obtained permission of the Selectmen to occupy for the purpose the Town Hall, a room in which town meetings are held, and the use of which is usually granted, on any respectful application, for any object which is not unlawful or manifestly immoral.

On Sabbath evening, Mr. Thompson gave a splendid lecture, in which he entirely swept away the pretended support of slavery from the bible. The audience was large, and listened with delight till a late hour. They suffered no interruption, except the throwing of a large stone at a window, which was arrested by the sash and fell harmless on the outside.

Notice was given on Sabbath evening, that the lecture on Monday evening would commence at 8 o'clock ; and that we would meet for discussion at half past six ; Mr. Thompson extending a most respectful and friendly invitation to all who had objections to our principles or measures, to be present and state them, and to all who had inquiries, to propound them.

On Monday, the Board of Managers sent special messages, of the same purport, to gentlemen who had taken an active part in public against the formation of our Society last winter. They declined the invitation unanimously, and we had not a single objector or inquirer at the meet-

ing, except abolitionists. This was much regretted; for anti-slavery men are anxious to have the whole subject thoroughly sifted, and every argument brought against them fairly examined, in the hearing of the people. However, we managed to have some of the most formidable objections stated, and our friend entertained the assembly by refuting them, one after another, in the most lively and entertaining manner.

Then followed a lecture of nearly two hours' length, on the history of St. Domingo—that history which on so many minds is a spectre to warn them against the liberation of slaves; but which, when truly narrated, is so triumphant an example of the perfect safety of immediate emancipation even in circumstances as unpromising as can possibly be conceived. Very few left the hall till the lecture was ended, notwithstanding its length and some untoward events now to be mentioned.

In the early part of the lecture, a small company of low fellows disturbed the assembly just without the door, in the entry at the head of the stairs, by loud stamping, vociferation and hisses. This was continued at intervals for near half an hour, when peace-officers, who had been sent for, arrived, and immediately the disturbers were quiet as lambs, and continued so till the close. Some time after, three^d missiles were thrown at the building behind the speaker. The third or last, a large brickbat, came through the window, passed near the speaker's head and fell harmless before the audience in front of the rostrum. This missile must have been thrown with great force, to pass into the second story of a high-posted building, and fly so far from the wall. A slight change of its direction would have silenced the eloquence of our friend forever, except that the barbarity of the deed would have given, what he had already said in behalf of the oppressed, a more glorious immortality. Praised be the Arbiter of life, that he yet survives to plead for the outcasts. Nothing daunted, he spoke some time after this, and the meeting closed in peace.

But the elements of turbulence and confusion had but begun to move. Yesterday, we heard of little but 'wars and rumors of wars;' much that was rumor only; but too much that was real, for the honor of Lowell or of New-

England. The most sagacious never seriously apprehended greater disturbance on the ensuing evening. Our board of managers met early in the afternoon, who unanimously and calmly resolved to claim the protection of the Selectmen, and to proceed with the meeting. The Selectmen, like true guardians of the public welfare, had been on the alert during the day. They received our application in a very gentlemanly manner, and promised us protection to the extent of their authority. The time arrived. With Mr. Thompson, we met the Selectmen in their room adjacent to the Hall. The night was exceedingly dark; the building was approachable on all sides; and not a window had a blind or a shutter, except that behind the speaker, which had a temporary barrier on the inside which remains to-day a disgraceful monument of the infuriate temper of *some* men in Lowell. The Selectmen still pledged us all the aid they *could* render; but doubted whether it was practicable, with the preparations which time permitted, to save the assembly from violence through the windows from without. Under these circumstances, we felt it an act of discretion and humanity, without any sacrifice of principle to *adjourn* the meeting to 2 o'clock this afternoon *at the same place*. This was done, and no further violence occurred. Mr. Thompson is now giving his concluding lecture on the *practical* part of the subject, and I have stolen away to write lest I should be too late.

The mal-contents were not satisfied to retire home after our adjournment last evening. They re-opened the Hall, and held a sort of mobocratic caucus, though remarkably still and orderly for one of that kind. They passed, and have to-day published, resolutions, 'deeply deploring the existence of slavery'—most sincerely, no doubt—and saying that the agitation of the subject here is very bad—that the Town Hall ought not to be used for the purpose—and communicating this wise opinion to the Selectmen. Those officers, however, have stood firm to their duty to-day.

The meeting is closed, and my letter must go. I cannot, however, forbear to say, that the handbills and other menaces of yesterday did us much good. Many, who are not friendly to our principles, said, 'This is no question

of abolition—but whether law and order shall prevail in Lowell, or whether mobs shall rule.’ They besought us to proceed, and were ready to render us every assistance in their power. The occurrences of the week will do much for the cause of truth and liberty in our town, and you may tell the whole country that abolition in Lowell is neither dead nor wounded.

Yours truly,

A. RAND.

MR. THOMPSON AT SOUTH READING.

SOUTH READING, Dec. 6, 1834.

MR. GARRISON—The numerous panegyrical notices of Mr. THOMPSON, which had for the last two months appeared in the columns of the *Liberator*, had put curiosity upon tiptoe in our little village to hear this disinterested, generous and eloquent MAN OF TRUTH, and ADVOCATE OF LIBERTY. He favored us with his presence yesterday, and last evening lectured for the space of two hours in the Baptist meeting-house, with zealous fluency and triumphant argumentation. The audience was a large one, and highly respectable, notwithstanding the purposely slight and obscure notice of the meeting which was given by our congregational minister, who is still on the side of gradualism and expatriation. A considerable number of individuals, animated by various motives, came from the surrounding towns,—even as far as Salem,—among whom were the Rev. Mr. Grosvenor and Richard P. Waters, Esq. The meeting was opened with singing by the choir, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Pickett of Reading; after which, Rev. Mr. Grosvenor made a few pertinent remarks, introducing Mr. Thompson to us, in which he reminded us that American liberty was won and established partly by the valor of a foreigner—Lafayette; and that the spiritual redemption of the world was effected through the instrumentality of another foreigner—the Lord Jesus Christ.

Of Mr. Thompson's lecture I shall not attempt to give you even the outlines. The topics were so various, the arguments so profound, the illustrations so rich and appropriate, the transitions from the pathetic to the severe, and

from the beautiful to the sublime, were so incessant yet natural, that my pen might as well attempt to give the sound of the mountain torrent, or mark the course of the lightning, as to state them in their order, with justice either to the subject or the orator.

Mr. Thompson in his exordium, at once secured the earnest attention of his hearers by remarking, with measured and solemn enunciation, that the question which he was about to discuss was one of immense magnitude and transcendent importance, in comparison with which, all others that are now agitating the minds of the American people, appertaining to the politics or the prosperity of the nation, dwindled into insignificance ; and he trusted that he might be able to go into its discussion with that candor and faithfulness which it merited, and that his auditors would listen with unbiassed, unprejudiced, and christian minds. If he should misapprehend, or misinterpret, or misstate, in any particular whatever ; if he should swerve but a hair's breadth from the line of eternal rectitude, or fail in sustaining every assertion and every proposition that he might make ; he called upon every one present, who should detect him in error, to rise and expose his sophistry or his ignorance. But if he should speak understandingly—truly—with a zeal according to knowledge ; if he should show that slavery in the abstract and in the concrete was wrong, and that it was emphatically a national transgression—then it became each of those before him to say with repenting Saul—‘ Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ?’

With regard to this *finding something to do*, which many think is so difficult a matter, Mr. Thompson asked—Do you know of any abolitionists, who are at a loss what to do for the emancipation of the slaves ? Do they not say, that there are so many appropriate and important modes of action, that they are often puzzled which of them to select ? Do they not exclaim—O, that our zeal, our talents, our means, our influence, were increased a hundred fold ! O, that we could be here—there—every where, rebuking, encouraging, convincing and reforming a perverse and cruel people !

But,—but,—‘ *We are as much opposed to slavery as we can be.*’ This hypocritical and impudent profession was

most severely dealt with by Mr. Thompson, in a strain of burning satire. He interrogated those who made it, whether they remembered the slave in their prayers—in their intercourse with relations and friends? whether they contributed aught of their substance to the furtherance of the anti-slavery cause, or circulated any petitions for the abolition of slavery in those portions of territory which are under the jurisdiction of the national legislature? To which interrogation the reply uniformly was—‘O, no! we have done none of these; but then—*we are as much opposed to slavery as we can be!*’

The speaker then made a death grapple with those who run to the Bible to find a precedent and a plea for southern slavery, and tore them limb from limb. He nobly vindicated that precious volume, and its great Author, from the impious aspersions which had been cast upon them by the apologists of slavery, who contended that they gave full warrant for the murderous system. All those of his audience who were jealous for the honor and glory of God, and the holy repute of the scriptures, must have rejoiced in the masterly exhibition of truth which was made on this interesting occasion.

We were gratified to see you in the assembly, Mr. Garrison: and we could not but rejoice anew at the glorious fruits of your mission to England, as seen in the speedy and utter overthrow of the agent of the American Colonization Society in that country—in the increasing sympathy of British christians for the slaves in our land—in the efficient aid which they are giving to us in various channels—and particularly, and above all, in securing to us, even ‘without money and without price,’ the invaluable services of GEORGE THOMPSON and CHARLES STUART—philanthropists whose hearts burn with patriotic as well as christian love for our great but guilty republic—whose only desire is, to make us ‘that happy people whose God is the Lord’—and who duly appreciate and admire all that is truly excellent in our character as a people.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Thompson again requested persons present, if there were any such, who had any difficulties yet remaining on their minds, or who were not entirely satisfied with his arguments, or who thought

he had erred either as to matter of fact or of inference, to express their views or propound any questions without reserve. After a short pause, Rev. Mr. Grosvenor rose and said, that, as for himself, he had no objections to make to any thing that had been advanced by the speaker. He then alluded to the fact that, for his advocacy of the cause of the oppressed, he (Mr. Grosvenor) had lost his church and congregation in Salem; but expressed a holy resolve that come what might, he would at all times and in all places be a mouth-piece for the suffering and the dumb. His remarks, though few, were made with much feeling and firmness; after which, he pronounced a benediction upon the assembly.

As yet, I have heard but a single individual who was not pleased with Mr. Thompson's lecture, although there may be others—for

‘ Men convinced against their will,
Are of the same opinion still.’

He is a gradualist—a colonizationist—and, I believe, a member of an orthodox church; and he says that Mr. T. ought to have had another brickbat thrown at his head—alluding to the affair at Lowell. What an amiable temper! what a benevolently disposed man! what a meek and forgiving christian!

We hope Mr. T. will visit us again shortly—but our brethren in Reading think it is their turn next.

Yours truly,
AN ABOLITIONIST.

MR. THOMPSON AT DOVER, N. H.

PORTLAND, Maine, Tuesday evening, }
 February 10th, 1835. }

My dear Brother—The following hasty and brief account of my labors since I parted with you on Wednesday evening, will, I believe, be interesting to you, and the result proves that the God of our cause does not permit us to labor in vain, nor spend our strength for nought.

Thursday, Feb. 5th. Left Boston for Dover, N. H. at eight in the morning, accompanied by Rev. Amos A. Phelps. Arrived at half past five, and were most kindly received and entertained by the Rev. D. Root, the Congregational Minister, ‘an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.’ At eight o’clock, delivered a preliminary lecture in Mr. Root’s Church, to a very respectable congregation.

Friday, 6th. Occupied the day in conference with the excellent ministers of the Baptist and Methodist Episcopal Churches, the Rev. Messrs. Williams and Perkins, and found them devoted in heart and understanding to our holy enterprise. In the evening, delivered a second Lecture in the M. E. meeting-house. Although the weather was rendered inclement by a snow storm, the audience was numerous.

Saturday, 7th. In the afternoon, drove to Great Falls, accompanied by Mr. Phelps. Received a hearty welcome from Rev. Mr. Smith, of the Congregational Church. In the evening, at half past six, gave a lecture in the Baptist meeting-house, and obtained twenty-two subscribers

at 12½ cents per month to the American Society. Found the worthy pastor of the church in which I lectured, the Rev. Abner Goodell, a warm friend.

Sunday, 8th. In the morning, delivered an Anti-Slavery discourse in the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Williams, Dover. Sunday afternoon, delivered a second Anti-Slavery discourse in the pulpit of the Rev. David Root. Audience very large and highly respectable. Sunday evening, delivered a third Anti-Slavery discourse in Mr. Root's Church, which was crowded. The audience composed of persons from all the churches in the town. O, it was indeed refreshing to witness harmony, good will, fellowship, and co-operation in our cause, existing and prevailing amongst ministers and churches throughout a neighborhood! At the close of my discourse, a collection was taken up, and \$44 62½ was obtained.

Monday, 9th. In the afternoon, at half past two, held a public meeting in Mr. Root's Church, and formed male and female Anti-Slavery Associations for Dover. One hundred and twelve names were subscribed to the Constitution, and about fifty-six monthly subscribers of 12½ cents, each subscriber receiving a copy of the Anti-Slavery Record.

Monday Evening, 8 o'clock. Held a second public meeting in Mr. William's Church, and obtained nearly three hundred additional names, to the Constitution, and fifty additional monthly subscribers, making a total of four hundred members of the Society, and one hundred subscribers for the Record. Thus, about two hundred dollars have been raised in Dover for the cause of Abolition.

To what is this success to be attributed? 1st, To the essential goodness of our cause, and the blessing of God upon our labors; and 2ndly, Instrumentally, principally to the co-operation of the Ministers of Religion. Our experience at Dover has afforded another demonstration to the truth of what I have so often assumed, that the fate of Slavery in this country depends upon the will and conduct of the ministers of the Gospel. Why did the people in Dover assemble in such numbers? Why did they join so heartily in the cause? Why did they so liberally subscribe? Because they saw their beloved pastors going

forward in the work, and felt, therefore, confidence and courage.

Brother Phelps, myself, and Mr. Benson, reached this place about four, to-day. The Cumberland County Convention meets to-morrow, at 10 o'clock. You shall learn the result on Saturday.

We are all under the roof of the Winslows, who are as kind and generous as ever.

Yours most affectionately,

GEO. THOMPSON.

MR. THOMPSON'S REPLY TO PROFESSOR
WHEDON.

23 BRIGHTON STREET, FEB. 18, 1835.

To the Editor of Zion's Herald:

SIR—I have just read in your paper of to-day a letter signed 'D. D. Whedon,' and headed 'Foreign Interference.' I am ignorant of the profession or station of the writer. If he be a Christian man, and continue one a few years longer, he will, I believe, deeply lament the publication of the sentiments which that letter contains. Under what extraordinary circumstances of excitement it was written I cannot say. I hope it was not a cool closet composition; for with the belief that it had been written deliberately, I should be compelled to draw conclusions very unfavorable to the character of the writer's heart.

He declares it *right* to denounce the measures of the Papists in this country as 'infamous and impertinent foreign interference;' and then asks, in reference to myself, 'but with what severer epithet [severer than *infamous* and *impertinent!*] shall we characterize the man who comes to lecture the citizens of these United States upon the most delicate and most vital of all the **POLITICAL** questions which agitate this distracted nation?' In other words, who comes to 'open his mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.' Your correspondent proceeds—'Did that gentleman come, commissioned from some foreign clubs, to collect meetings and *nominate an American President*, it might be borne with *comparative patience*;' but to come to apply the principles of the gospel to a system which reduces to the most brutal

subjection one-sixth portion of our home-born population of these United States ;—which puts out the eyes of the soul, defaces the image of the Maker, and leaves the wretched victim to grope sightless and hopeless to the judgment of an equal God ;—which tears the infant from its mother's bosom, and brands it as a beast for the shambles ;—which converts into solemn mockery the charter of man's rights, and all the forms of justice ;—which renders null and void the holy bond of matrimony ;—which denies the Book of Life to two millions, who without it are destitute of that knowledge which begets a hope beyond the grave ;—which punishes with DEATH the second offence of teaching an immortal being the way to heaven : to apply the principles of eternal righteousness to such a system is a work which requires ' better credentials than a diploma from any foreign Society, of whatever character or of whichever sex.' Your correspondent is ' right,' and I am thankful that such credentials are at hand. Whenever your correspondent is disposed, I will, in his presence, spread these credentials before any impartial American audience he can collect, and allow him all the space he wishes to question their sufficiency, or invalidate their authority.

There is every evidence that your correspondent deems himself a staunch *patriot*,—so staunch that he dare not trust himself to comment upon the extensive patronage which the Anti-Slavery Association of this country have extended towards me, lest he should be ' betrayed into language *half as strong*' as the ' perpetration of such an act deserves.'

From the 57th page of the life of Richard Watson, I make the following extract. It is the language of that distinguished ornament of the Methodist body, and will perhaps show that the work in which I am engaged is as patriotic as writing unkind and violent articles against the friends of the enslaved :—

' To what, then, ought *patriotism* to be directed? It has secured our civil rights ; it has organized our armies ; it has rendered our navy invincible ; it has extended our commerce, and enlarged our dominions : but there is yet one object to be accomplished, without which well appointed armies, an invincible navy, extended commerce and

enlarged dominion, will add little to our dignity, our happiness, or our real strength;—I mean, the *correction of our MORALS*. Immorality and irreligion as certainly dry up the resources of a nation, and hasten its downfall, as a worm at the root of the finest plant will cause it to fade, to wither, and to die. *Wickedness arms God against us*; and if he ‘speak concerning a nation, to pluck it up and to destroy,’ no counsels, however wise, no plans, however judicious, no exertions however vigorous, can avert the sentence—‘*Righteousness exalteth a nation* ;’ and *every endeavor to promote it is PATRIOTIC.*’

Adopting Mr. Watson’s views of ‘patriotism,’ I plead for the liberation from hateful and unjust bonds of 2,250,000 human, immortal, blood-ransomed beings. Am I worse than ‘*infamous*’ and ‘*impertinent*’ for this?

I plead that the hindrances to moral and religious improvement may be removed, and the colored population, instead of ‘perishing for lack of knowledge,’ enjoy the blessings of education, grow up in ‘the nurture and admonition of the Lord,’ and in his fear discharge all the duties of civil, social, and domestic life. Am I worse than ‘*infamous*’ and ‘*impertinent*’ for doing this?

I plead that the BIBLE may be given to millions of accountable beings who are prohibited from looking into its pages. Am I worse than ‘*infamous*’ and ‘*impertinent*’ for doing this?

I plead for the abolition of temptations and opportunities to licentiousness, profligacy, and impurity, and the presentation of motives to chastity, honor and fidelity. Am I worse than ‘*infamous*’ and ‘*impertinent*’ for doing this?

I plead for the recognition, protection, sanctification and security of the marriage tie. Am I worse than ‘*infamous*’ and ‘*impertinent*’ for doing this?

I plead for the abolition of a practice that robs the fathers and mothers of this land of two hundred new born infants a day, and introduces that number of hapless innocents into all the pollution and degradation of hopeless thralldom. Am I worse than ‘*infamous*’ and ‘*impertinent*’ for doing this?

But enough. Let the Christian world judge between me and my accuser. I fear not the verdict.

I desire to register my unfeigned gratitude to God for

the success which he has uniformly granted to the fearless publication of the truth upon the subject of Slavery. Our cause is advancing rapidly. Its advocates may smile upon all opposition. Any attempt to prevent the spread of abolition sentiments, or crush the spirit which is now going through the land, is as vain, (to say nothing of its wickedness,) as to attempt to hurl the Rocky Mountains from their foundations, or roll back the waters of the Mississippi. We may adopt the language of the dying Wesley—'The best of all is, God is with us.'

To D. D. Whedon I would kindly say—Take the letter you have published to your closet, your knees, and your God. Pray earnestly for wisdom, truth, and charity. Contemplate the state of things in the Southern States of the country you profess to love. Let the slave stand before you in the awful attributes of a deathless and accountable being. Reflect upon your own responsibility to plead his cause and promote his present and eternal good,—and then say, whether you have done well to seek to bring down upon the head of a stranger, and the slave's advocate, a relentless storm of popular indignation?

I will offer no reply to your remarks on my country. They are wholly unworthy the Christian—the patriot—and the man.

In respect to the 'fulness of hospitality' which you say you would 'pour upon me' if I were an inactive and indifferent observer of the wrongs of the slave,—I beg to say that I am quite content to relinquish the enjoyment, and see it reserved for the 'Christian brother' who can 'forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain.'

Pardon, Mr. Editor, these protracted remarks. I doubt not you will follow the dictates of justice whether you insert or reject what I have written. It is not likely I shall soon trouble you again. Heaven bless your country, and send a speedy and peaceful triumph to the cause of the oppressed! 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!'

—'All is in his hand whose praise I seek,
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest work,
Whose approbation prosper even mine.'

Very respectfully yours,
GEO. THOMPSON.

MR. THOMPSON AT PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, 3d mo. 5, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Unwilling to do anything that could by possibility fan the flames which for a time seemed to threaten with riotous destruction our civil institutions, we have, in this city, for several months past abstained from public efforts, for promoting the glorious cause of human liberty. Still we have not been unmindful of the cries and groans of two millions of our countrymen in bondage. We have marked the accelerated progress of licentiousness and pollution in the slaveholding sections of our country; we have seen the hand of despotism extending its iron grasp over two hundred new born victims in every twenty-four hours; we have heard the lamentations of the bereaved mother when her darling babe has been torn from her bosom; we have observed the widely withering influence of an unholy prejudice against beings created, like ourselves, in the image of God; we have heard the sentiment advanced, by professed ministers of Him who came to undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, that we 'are but a set of misguided fanatics, unworthy of the public regard.' All this we have silently borne for weeks and months that are past. But the claims of our fellow-men, who are suffering under the cruel yoke of oppression, have during this interval, often ascended in our orisons to the Throne of Grace, and the spirit of the Lord has been at work in the hearts of many people, preparing them for the reception of truth, and for active co-operation in the cause of universal freedom; and now we have been comforted and made to rejoice together, by the labors of a messenger of love, whom I verily believe the God of the

oppressed has sent among us. Our beloved coadjutor, George Thompson, arrived here, from New-York, on the 2nd instant, and on the evening of the 3rd, delivered a Lecture in the 'Reformed Presbyterian Church,' in Cherry Street. No public notice had been given, yet such was the anxiety to hear him, that not less than one thousand persons assembled on the occasion and all were more than gratified. The interesting nature of the subject, the perfect understanding of it in all its bearings evinced by the speaker, the truly christian spirit with which he spoke of the wrong doers, all added to his commanding eloquence, carried conviction to the understanding and bore the hearts of his auditors along with him, and unfurled in many a bosom, the standard of immediate abolitionism.

One of our most estimable citizens, who has been favorable to colonization, said at the close of the meeting, that he would willingly go thirty miles at any time to hear such a discourse. I would attempt to give an outline of it, were it possible for me to do it justice, but I can only say, to all who would understand a christian's views and feelings, and know his arguments on the subject of slavery and its remedy, you must go and hear George Thompson for yourselves. He labors in the cause of God, and in behalf of that portion of the creation of God made in his own image, who are borne down by relentless oppression, in every portion of the habitable globe. He pleads with Christians of every name, to arouse from their lethargy, and in the name of the Master whom they profess to serve, to vindicate the right of man to be free; his motto is, 'Man is man, endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which, are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'

Yesterday morning, our dear friend returned to New-York, to fulfil prior engagements in that city. Last evening our board of Managers unanimously adopted the following Resolution, viz :

Resolved, That the thanks of this Board be presented to our highly esteemed coadjutor, George Thompson, for the clear and forcible exposition of Abolition principles, presented in his address to an assemblage of our fellow-citizens last evening, and that he be most respectfully invited to return to this city as soon as previous engagements will permit, to plead before other congregations the cause of the oppressed.'

Last evening, our estimable friend, Amasa Walker, from your city, made an excellent address before our Anti-Slavery Society, and coadjutors from every quarter are coming up in the name of the God of hosts, to the furtherance of his righteous cause. Our hearts are animated with the increase of light; the day begins to dawn, the manacles of oppression will ere long be melted by the genial warmth of the Sun of Righteousness, and Ethiopia will stretch forth her hand to God.

Most truly, my friend, ever thine,
ARNOLD BUFFUM.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Boston.

IMPORTANT MEETING.

A meeting of a peculiarly solemn and interesting character was held on Thursday evening, April 2, in the Hall, corner of Broomfield and Tremont streets, in Boston. It was composed exclusively of members of various Christian churches, and convened for the purpose of considering the propriety of forming a Union among professing Christians, with a view to the action of churches as such upon the question of slavery.

The Hall was crowded to overflowing. Among those present, we noticed the Rev. Messrs. Hague, Stow, Wells, Himes, Thrasher, S. J. May, Amasa Walker, Esq. S. E. Sewall, Esq. and Mr. Geo. Thompson. At a quarter before eight, the meeting was called to order by deacon Sullivan ; and the Rev. Baron Stow was unanimously elected Moderator ; Mr. Hayward was appointed Clerk of the meeting. After a few introductory remarks, the moderator called upon Mr. George Thompson to open the meeting with prayer. After remarks from the Rev. Messrs. Himes, Thrasher and Wells,

Mr. THOMPSON observed, that when it was his privilege to meet with christian minded men, who were devotedly attached to the work of abolition, he felt, even when their *number* was comparatively insignificant, that his heart was more elated, and his hopes of a speedy, peaceful, and righteous triumph were higher and brighter, than when he stood in the midst of thousands whose minds were not moved and sustained by the principles derived from a recognition of God, and a zeal for His glory. He regarded, with feelings of indescribable delight, the assembly before

him. It showed the deep and hallowed interest which the cause of abolition had excited. The question was,—Ought the members of christian churches to organize a union upon the subject of Slavery? His reply to that question was,—*Yes!* The union is *desirable*. It is *proper*—it is *important*—it is *indispensable*—it is *overwhelmingly imperative*. The inquiry had been started, what has the church to do with slavery? The answer was—*Every thing*. The *honor*, the *purity*, the *usefulness*, the *glory*, nay, the very *existence* of the church was concerned. The churches at the south *had to do* with slavery. Slavery was upheld by the churches. Essentially wicked, it had no self-sustaining energy. Were the sanction and participation of otherwise good men withdrawn, it would be condemned and annihilated with the common consent of mankind. The Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, and some other minor denominations of Christians were at the present time the pillars of the hateful fabric. Hundreds of ministers were slaveholders. Thousands of professing christians were slaveholders. The minister of Christ was paid out of the hire of the laborer, kept back by fraud. Church property frequently consisted of slaves. There were many human beings, who, when asked by whom they were owned, replied—*By the congregation!* The followers of Christ buying, branding, bartering, toiling, and debasing God's image, and God's poor daily robbed to support the ordinances of a just and equal God, who hath made of one blood all nations of men! In view of these things would it be said, the churches had nothing to do with slavery? Had northern Christians no regard for the honor of their religion—the purity of the body to which they belonged? Must every sin be boldly denounced *but* the sin of slaveholding? Must the harlot, the swindler, the gamester, the Sabbath-breaker, the drunkard, be thrust out of the church, and the slaveholder kept in, and soothed, and excused, and long and labored apologies framed for him and the abomination with which he stood connected? Was such a course a just or impartial one? If a man was known to sit down and spend an occasional hour in shuffling and exchanging pieces of painted paper, he became the subject of church discipline, and

if he persisted, was ejected from the visible church of Christ. But thousands of slaveholders were permitted to gamble with immortal souls—speculate in human blood-redeemed beings—and were all the time recognized as worthy members of the church of Christ, and were comforted, first by the direct countenance, co-partnership and participation of their own ministers, and next, by the silence and fellowship of northern professors of the same denomination. The southern churches were thoroughly corrupt, and would remain so as long as the churches of the north refrained from bearing a testimony for God against their crimes.

One fact would show the state of feeling amongst Christians at the south. The editor of a religious newspaper, the Charleston Southern Baptist, had recently stated in behalf of his brethren around him, the following views: ‘We *do not* contemplate Slavery with hatred and horror, and our southern people *do* deny in the *abstract*, the injustice of slavery. We think that we can prove that slavery is not necessarily founded on injustice!’

Mr. Thompson proceeded to support the motion for an organization, at considerable length, and advanced a variety of arguments and illustrations, which, as we cannot correctly report, we must pass over. He concluded by saying—My hope is in the churches. I earnestly desire that the abolition feeling of the North may flow onwards towards the South, through the sanctifying channels of the Christian churches. There are millions in this and every land, whose help I should deplore, unless checked and controlled by the wisdom and authority of those who fear God. The humble, prayerful and believing follower of Christ is the man to whom we must look. The man who seeks and enjoys the royal privilege of audience with the Deity. The man that grasps the promises, that in Christ are yea and amen to those that believe. The man who looks to rescue, not the slave alone, but the slave’s master—to this man we must look. I love the cause in which we are engaged too well, to wish to see it under the conduct of *irreligious*, and therefore *irresponsible* men. I feel little anxiety to enlist the unsanctified eloquence of the demagogue. I would not make a speech to win a

rabble multitude that would cover the spacious common that adorns your city ; but I would weep and plead till midnight, or the blushing of the morn, to gain the righteous man whose faith, when exerted, grasps omnipotence, and whose effectual fervent prayer would avail to the speedy overthrow of the unhallowed institution.

MR. THOMPSON'S FAST LECTURE.

In these days of slavish servility and malignant prejudices, we are presented occasionally with some beautiful specimens of christian obedience and courage. One of these is seen in the opening of the North Bennett-street Methodist meeting-house, in Boston, to the advocates for the honor of God, the salvation of our country, and the freedom of enslaved millions in our midst. As the pen of the historian, in after years, shall trace the rise, progress and glorious triumph of the abolition cause, he will delight to record and posterity will delight to read, the fact that when all other pulpits were dumb, all other churches closed, on the subject of slavery, in Boston, the boasted 'CRADLE OF LIBERTY,'—there was one pulpit that would speak out, one church that would throw open its doors in behalf of the down trodden victims of American tyranny, and that was the pulpit and the church above alluded to. The primitive spirit of Methodism is beginning to revive with all its holy zeal and courage, and it will not falter until the Methodist churches are purged from the pollution of slavery, and the last slave in the land stands forth a redeemed and regenerated being.

On Fast Day morning, 9th inst. Mr. Thompson gave a very powerful discourse from the pulpit of the Bennett-street meeting-house. The house was thronged to excess at an early hour ; and although the crowded auditory had to wait for the appearance of Mr. Thompson, an hour beyond the time appointed for the meeting, (he having had the erroneous impression that the services commenced at 11, instead of 10 o'clock,) yet their attention was rivvted to the end.

Mr. Thompson took for his text the 28th chapter of Isaiah, exclusive of the two last verses. He stated that he had made choice of the chapter just read, because of its full, significant, and emphatic bearing upon that grave and interesting topic, to which it was expected he would that day draw the attention of his hearers. The text contained all that was necessary to illustrate the importance of attention to the subject of slavery, and explain the duties connected with that subject. It pointed out the consequences flowing from a faithful discharge of those duties, and moreover, directed us to the means by which we were to bring others to a sense of their sins, and the discharge of their obligations. Thus was the subject in its length and its breadth, brought before us. Founding our remarks upon the word of God, and carefully drawing our directions thence, we should be kept from falling into error, touching our faith and practice.

To whom was this chapter addressed?

The chapter was manifestly addressed, not to the profane, ungodly, and openly irreligious, but to those who professed to serve God—persons scrupulously attentive to the externals of piety. ‘Declare unto MY PEOPLE their TRANSGRESSIONS—unto the HOUSE of JACOB their SINS.’—unto those who seek me daily, who delight to know my ways, who ask of me the ordinances of justice, who take delight in approaching to God, who fast often, who afflict their souls, who bow down their heads as bulrushes, who spread sackcloth and ashes under them. Shew unto these their *transgressions* and their *sins*.

What were the sins of this people?

1. In the day of their fast they found pleasure. It was not a day of inward mortification—of penitent prostration of soul—but of pharisaical and self-complacent attention to outward forms and ceremonies, the observance of which obtained for them amongst men the reputation of superior sanctity.

2. On *that day* they exacted all their labors. While appearing to serve God, they were robbing the poor—multiplying tasks—growing rich by the labor of their slaves at home.

3. They fasted for strife, and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. Their fasts were too frequently

mere political observances—for political ends. To promote the ends of war—animosity—sectarianism—controversy and strife. In a word, these outwardly holy and sanctimonious Jews were HYPOCRITES, SLAVEHOLDERS, OPPRESSORS, WARLIKE POLITICIANS, neglectors of the great MORAL and SOCIAL duties.

What were this people to do ?

1. *Loose the bands of wickedness.* Dissolve every unrighteous connection. Have no fellowship with sin or sinners, &c.

2. *Undo the heavy burdens.* Remove every unjust restriction, taxation and disability, &c.

3. *Let the oppressed go free.* Set at liberty all held in slavery. All innocent captives, &c.

4. *Break every yoke.* Release from servitude all held by unjust contracts. Abandon compulsory labor.

5. *Feed the hungry.*

6. *Succor the friendless and homeless.*

7. *Put away pride and prejudice.*

8. *Refrain from injurious speech.*

What effects were to follow ?

1. Joy, peace, light, comfort. 'Then shall thy light break forth as the morning.' What could be more beautiful than the figure here employed? *Light*—morning light—reviving light—increasing light—strengthening light—welcome light. Light after darkness. Joy after sorrow. The light of morning to the languishing patient! The light of morning to the tempest-tost mariner! The light of the morning to the sleepless captive.

2. *Restoration.* 'Thine health shall spring forth speedily.' Bishop Lowth hath rendered the passage, 'Thy wounds shall speedily be healed over.' And Dr. Clarke, 'the scar of thy wounds shall be speedily removed.'

3. *Reputation.* 'Thy righteousness shall go before thee.' Thy justice shall be made manifest. Thy integrity shall appear to men. The world shall admire thy righteous conduct.

4. *Defence.* 'The glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.' Or according to Lowth's translation—'The glory of Jehovah shall bring up the rear.'

5. *The spirit of prayer—and the answer of prayer.* 'Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer ; thou

shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am'—or, 'Lo, I am here.'

6. *Brightness and light where all had been obscurity and darkness.* 'Then shall thy light rise in the obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon day.'

7. *Divine direction.* 'The Lord shall guide thee continually.' By his Word, his Spirit, his Providence.

8. *Fertility, culture, beauty, order, freshness, fragrance.* 'Thou shalt be like a watered garden.'

9. *Health, purity, perpetuity, abundance.* 'Like a spring of water whose waters fail not.'

10. *The reparation of national dilapidations.* 'They that be of thee shall BUILD THE OLD WASTE PLACES. Thou shalt RAISE UP THE FOUNDATIONS OF MANY GENERATIONS. Thou shalt be called the *repairer of the breach*, the *restorer of paths to dwell in*.' Or, according to Lowth, 'And they that spring from thee shall build *the ancient ruins*. The foundations of old times they shall raise up. And thou shalt be called, the repairer, of the broken mounds—the restorer of paths to be frequented by inhabitants.'

Thus, all the desolations of war and wickedness shall be repaired.

Here are promised to a just and obedient people—Light, Health, Glory, Reputation, Defence, Direction, the Spirit of Prayer, the Answer to Prayer, Restoration, Fertility, Beauty and Perpetuity.

To give the subject a present and practical bearing, he should consider generally the nature and advantages of national penitence.

I. The scriptural manifestations of a genuine national repentance.

True penitence did not consist in profession, outward prostration, dejection of countenance, bodily austerities, grievous penances, abounding ordinances, or splendid benevolent enterprises. All these might exist with Slavery, Oppression, Uncharitableness, Persecution, Proscription, and Prejudice. True repentance was a living, active principle, producing righteousness in the life—the abandonment of every wicked way. God detested external humiliations and sacrifices when they were unaccompanied by poverty of soul and practical piety.

Did this nation give forth those proofs of penitence

which the scriptures required? Was there not slavery, oppression, the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and the speaking of vanity, abroad over the whole nation—and amongst professing christians, too, notwithstanding the schools, colleges, churches, Missionary Societies, Bible Societies, and other institutions that had been multiplied without number? Were the fasts of this people such as God had chosen? Look at the slave regions of the land! How black the gloom! How death-like the stillness! How deep the guilt! How awful the curse resting upon them! Look over the entire face of the country. The general and state governments utterly paralyzed. The churches thoroughly corrupted. The people in guilty indifference. The ministers of religion almost universally dumb—or openly and wickedly vindicating oppression. Mr. Thompson then went on to specify at length the acts necessary to prove the genuine penitence of the nation.

Individuals should emancipate their slaves. The general Government should be forced by the voice of the people to purge the District of Columbia. The States should legislate in accordance with the principles of the constitution and the requirements of the text.

The churches ought to act. Let the churches preach emancipation—warn slaveholders—put them under church discipline—bear with them for a time, and if fruit be not borne, put them out of the church, which they defile by their soul-trafficking pursuits.

II. The distinguished and abounding blessings secured to a truly penitent and obedient nation.

Under this division, Mr. Thompson dwelt largely upon the safety and advantages of *immediate emancipation*, and illustrated those portions of the text which speak of the blessings consequent upon the adoption of a righteous, merciful and truly obedient course of conduct.

1. The spread of knowledge.
2. The dissemination of the scriptures.
3. The acquisition of national character.
4. Restoration of fertility to a now almost exhausted soil.
5. Augmentation of the wants of the population, and the consequent increased demand for the manufactures of the country.

6. A pouring out the spirit of prayer.

7. A blessing upon the various enterprises to advance the kingdom of Christ at home and abroad.

These, and a multitude of blessings of an infinitely various character, would be the portion of this nation, if the commands of God's word were obeyed, and the oppressed set free.

III. The imperative duty of such as desire to advance the blessedness and prosperity of their country in church and state, by bringing the people to true repentance.

'Cry aloud, spare not, &c.'

These words implied the adoption of all proper means of exhibiting, clearly and universally, the transgressions of the people. These means should be open, bold, unsparing, effectual. The drowsiness, deafness, indifference, avarice, and blindness of the people required a fearless and unsparing denunciation of sin.

Not only was it our duty to show the folly, inexpediency, unprofitableness, and impolicy of slavery, but the transgression and the SIN of slavery.

Much fault was in the present day found with the measures of certain Abolitionists, because their measures were strong, bold, and unsparing. Let it be remembered, that crying '*aloud*' was God's method—God's command.

Finally—God's promises were invariably connected with obedience to certain commands, having reference either to the outward conduct or the dispositions of the heart. In the case in question, if the duties prescribed were not performed, instead of the blessings promised, their opposites would be our lot. Instead of *light*, there would be *darkness*. Instead of reputation, dishonor and infamy. Instead of light and comfort, horror and shame. Instead of moral and physical fertility, all would be barrenness. Instead of advancement, decay. Instead of strength, weakness. Instead of guidance, perplexity. Instead of salvation, dishonor and destruction.

REMARKS ON THE PEACE QUESTION.

Mr. Thompson's remarks on the question, '*Would the slaves of this country be justified in resorting to physical violence to obtain their freedom?*—From the *Liberator* of April 18, 1835.

Mr. Thompson addressed the meeting, and spoke at very considerable length, but we are only able to furnish a few of his remarks.

He differed altogether from a gentleman who had gone before him, who considered the question ill-judged and ill-timed. He (Mr. T.) regarded it as both necessary and opportune. The principles of abolitionists were only partially understood. They were also frequently willfully and wickedly misrepresented. Doctrines the most dangerous, designs the most bloody, were constantly imputed to them. What was more common, than to see it published to the world, that abolitionists were seeking to incite the slaves to rebellion and murder? It was due to themselves and to the world, to speak boldly out upon the question now before the meeting. *Christians* should be told what were the real sentiments of abolitionists, that they may decide whether, as Christians, they could join them. *Slaveholders* should know what abolitionists thought and meant, that they might judge of the probable tendency of their doctrines upon their welfare and existence. The *Slaves* should, if possible, know what their friends at a distance meant, and what they would have them do to hasten the consummation of the present struggle.

If any human being in the universe of God would be justified in resorting to physical violence to free himself

from unjust restraints, that human being was the *American Slave*. If the infliction of unmerited and unnumbered wrongs could justify the shedding of blood, the slave would be justified in resisting to blood. If the political principles of any nation could justify a resort to violence in a struggle against oppression, they were the principles of this nation, which teach that resistance to oppression is obedience to the law of *nature* and *God*. He regarded the slavery of this land, and all christian lands, as ‘the execrable sum of all human villanies’—the grave of life and loveliness—the foe of God and man—the auxiliary of hell—the machinery of damnation. Such were his deliberate convictions respecting slavery. Yet with these convictions, if he could make himself heard from the bay of Boston to the frontiers of Mexico, he would call upon every slave to commit his cause to God, and abide the issue of a peaceful and moral warfare in his behalf. He believed in the existence, omniscience, omnipotence and providence of God. He believed that every thing that was good might be much better accomplished without blood than with it. He repudiated the sentiment of the Scottish bard—

‘We will drain our dearest veins,
 But we will be free.
 Lay the proud oppressor low,
 Tyrants fall in every foe,
 Liberty’s in every blow,
 Let us *do* or *die*.’

He would say to the enslaved, ‘Hurt not a hair of your master’s head. It is not consistent with the will of your God, that you should do evil that good may come. In that book in which your God and Saviour has revealed his will, it is written—*Love* your enemies, *bleſs* them that *curſe* you, *do good* to them that hate you, and *pray* for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven. *Avenge not yourselves*, but rather give place unto wrath.’

He (Mr. T.) would, however, remind the master of the awful import of the following words—‘*Vengeance is mine; I will repay*, SAITH THE LORD.’

To the slave he would continue—‘Therefore, if thine

enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'

Mr. Thompson also quoted Eph. vi. 5 ; Col. iii. 22 ; Titus ii. 9 ; 1. Peter ii. 18—23. In proportion, however, as he enjoined upon the slave patience, submission and forgiveness of injuries, he would enjoin upon the master the abandonment of his wickedness. He would tell him plainly the nature of his great *transgression*—the *sin* of robbing God's poor,—withholding the hire of the laborer,—trafficking in the immortal creatures of God. He did not like the fashionable, but nevertheless despicable practice of preaching obedience to slaves, without preaching repentance to masters. He (Mr. T.) would preach forgiveness and the rendering of good for evil to the slaves of the plantation ; but before he quitted the property, he would, if it were possible, thunder forth the threatenings of God's word into the ears of the master. This was the only consistent course of conduct. In proportion as we taught submission to the slave, we should enjoin repentance and restitution upon the master. Nay, more, said Mr. Thompson, if we teach submission to the slave, we are bound to exert our own peaceful energies for his deliverance.

Shall we say to the slave, 'Avenge not yourself,' and be silent ourselves in respect to his wrongs ?

Shall we say, 'Honor and obey your masters,' and ourselves neglect to warn and reprove those masters ?

Shall we denounce 'carnal weapons,' which are the only ones the slaves can use, and neglect to employ our moral and spiritual weapons in their behalf ?

Shall we tell them to beat their 'swords into ploughshares,' and their 'spears into pruning-hooks,' and neglect to give them the 'sword of the spirit, which is the word of God ?'

Let us be consistent. The principles of peace, and the forgiveness of injuries, are quite compatible with a bold, heroic and uncompromising hostility to sin, and a war of extermination with every principle, part and practice of American slavery. I hope no drop of blood will stain our banner of triumph and liberty. I hope no wail of the widow or the orphan will mingle with the shouts of our Jubilee. I trust ours will be a battle which the '*Prince of Peace*' can direct, and ours a victory which angels can applaud.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR:—An opportunity offering of sending to Boston, I embrace it to put you in possession of two numbers of the last London Abolitionist. You will perceive that the Editor is of your opinion, in reference to the merits of the letter sent by the Baptists here to their brethren in London. An esteemed friend, a Baptist in Glasgow, James Johnson, Esq., in a letter received from him this morning, says,—‘ how I blush for my brethren, the Baptists of America! How could they pen such a paper as that they have sent to the denomination in London? I suppose you have seen it, and cut it up, and exposed it as it deserves. There is no shame with slavery: it degrades the oppressor as much as it degrades its victim. Ministers of the gospel, in that *shameless* defence of slavery, are found saying, ‘ The existence of our (national) union and its manifold blessings, depends on a faithful adherence to the principles and spirit of our constitution on this (slavery!) and all other points.’ ‘ Away!’ I think I hear you say, ‘ with all these fancied blessings, rather than that cruelty, injustice, lust and licentiousness be permitted to disgrace the nation, insult God, and defy his righteous government! O Lord, arise for the help of the oppressed!’

Dr. F. A. Cox of Hackney, near London, and the Rev. Mr. Hoby of Birmingham, arrived in safety in this city on Monday, and this morning departed for Philadelphia, on their way to the Baptist triennial convention in Richmond, Virginia. I earnestly pray that wherever they go, they may be disposed to bear an uncompromising testimony against the heaven provoking, church-corrupting soul-darkening and destroying abomination of this land—against a system which holds tens of thousands of the

Baptist churches in hateful bonds. Surely Dr. Cox, who is a member of the London Society for promoting the extinction of slavery throughout the world, will not keep back any part of his message to his guilty brethren of the Baptist churches.

I had a fatiguing journey to Providence. I found the friends well, and anxiously expecting me. On Tuesday afternoon, I delivered my promised address before the ladies of Providence. Between 700 and 800 assembled in the Rev. Mr. Blain's church. It was truly a gratifying sight. About 150 gentlemen were also present. After the Address a Society was formed, and a Constitution adopted. Upwards of 100 ladies gave their names and subscriptions to the Society. Nearly \$100 were contributed. This is a very cheering commencement. Many more names will be obtained. The Society will prove a powerful auxiliary.

I embarked on board the President yesterday noon. We had a fine run. I was introduced to Dr. Graham, the lecturer on the Science of Life, and found in him a very interesting companion. I arrived here about half past 6 this morning.

Yours affectionately,

GEORGE THOMPSON.

LETTER FROM ALBANY, N. Y.

ALBANY, N. Y. APRIL, 20, 1835.

MY DEAR GARRISON,—On Saturday morning, I left New York city by the Champlain steamboat for this place. The day was very cold, and the wind, which was right ahead, strong and piercing, so that I was not able to remain long at a time upon deck. I saw enough, however, of the scenery of the Hudson to delight me. In some parts I was strongly reminded of Scotland. I expect much pleasure from a voyage, during the approaching fine weather, when I can gaze, without being nipped by the cold, upon the multiplied specimens of the sublime and beautiful, which are to be found along the banks.

I found Mr. Phelps in this city, waiting for me. He had given one address, and prepared the way for further, and I trust efficient exertions. Yesterday, (Sunday) I preached for the Rev. Mr. Kirk, and in the evening, delivered an address to the colored people; they have a neat place of worship, but are at present without a pastor. In this church the Rev. Nathaniel Paul used to preach.

Sunday night. I have just returned from the 4th Presbyterian church, where I have lectured to a very respectable audience. I was favored with fixed attention to an address which lasted about two hours. On Wednesday evening, I lectured here again.

Wednesday morning, 22d. I have just returned with brother Phelps from Troy, where I lectured last evening. The place of meeting was the lower room of the Court House, which was respectably filled, but it was a very bad place for public speaking, the roof being low, and broken by divisions and subdivisions. An undisturbed indiffer-

ence has hitherto reigned in the city on the subject of slavery. The ignorance of the people, in reference to the views and plans of the abolitionists, has been profound—the prejudice against color strong, and the apathy deep and deplorable. The darkness is, however, broken. It can be night no longer. There are a few who seem determined to ‘take hold,’ as the Americans say, and I doubt not but the modern Trojans will be soon in the field, engaged in a strife infinitely more dignified than that of their illustrious namesakes.

Thursday morning, 23d. Last evening, I delivered a second lecture in the 4th Presbyterian church. The audience rather more numerous than at the first meeting. Two days were occupied in seeking to obtain a church more eligibly situated, but in vain, Mr. Delevan and other gentlemen have used their influence to obtain a church in the upper part of the city, but so far, to no purpose. Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Phelps and myself met a committee of gentlemen, when it was resolved to hold a public meeting as early as possible, and submit the constitution of an Anti-Slavery Society. Last evening’s lecture appears to have done good, and I have no doubt that, could I remain and deliver a *course of lectures*, we should be able to form a good society, if not carry the entire city. This afternoon, Mr. Phelps and myself go to Troy. I give my second lecture this evening.

I am much pleased to find that Mr. May has got fairly to work. His labors will greatly advance the cause in Massachusetts.

I write, as you perceive, upon a Circular put forth by Mr. Israel Lewis. The colored people of this city held a meeting on Monday evening to express their opinions in reference to the contents of this document, and decided almost unanimously, that it would not be proper for the colored people to send their children to Canada for education, or encourage the emigration to that settlement of any free persons. They considered it the duty of the whole population to remain *here*, and combat the wicked and cruel prejudices at present operating against them; they considered the Circular based upon Colonization principles, and therefore an appeal to the prejudiced, rather than

to the unprejudiced Anti-Slavery portion of the community. These conclusions are fully in accordance with my own views of the matter. I cannot but regard the Circular as an appeal to the *prejudices* of the *whites*,—and the *selfishness* of the *colored people*. I rejoice that Wilberforce offers an asylum for the absconding slave, and hope it will be sustained as a city of refuge for *him*; but I want the free colored man to remain here, and for a while to suffer, toil, and mourn, if it must be so, the victim of the prejudices of a *pale-skinned aristocracy*, that he may share the common lot of his class, and by making a bold stand against conduct so inhuman, hasten the time, when the monster *prejudice* shall spread his dark wings, and wheel his flight to the nethermost hell, where he was begotten.

Ever, most affectionately yours,

GEORGE THOMPSON.

MR. THOMPSON'S SPEECH AT NEW YORK,

AT THE MEETING OF THE AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.

He commenced his address by declaring that the feelings of his heart were too deep for utterance. When he thought where he stood, of the topic on which he was called to speak, upon the mighty interests which were involved—upon his own responsibility to God—upon the destinies of thousands which might hinge upon the results of the present meeting—and when he reflected upon the ignorance, the wickedness, and the mighty prejudices he had to encounter ; on the two and a half million of clients, whose cause was committed to his feeble advocacy, with all their rights, eternal and irreversible, he trembled, and felt almost disposed to retire. And when, in addition to all, he remembered that there were at this moment, in this land, in perfect health, in full vigor of mind and body, countrymen of his own, once pledged to the very lips in behalf of this cause, and with an authority which must command a wide and powerful influence, who had yet left it to the care of youth and ignorance, he felt scarce able to proceed, and almost willing to leave another blank in the history of this day's proceedings.

He had said that he had prejudices to overcome ; and they met him with this rebuff—' you are a foreigner.' I am, said Mr. T. I plead guilty to the charge : where is the sentence ? Yet I am not a foreigner. I am no foreigner to the language of this country. I am not a foreigner to the religion of this country. I am not a foreigner to the God of this country. Nor to her interests—nor to her religious and political institutions. Yet I was not born here. Will those who urge this objection tell me how I could help it ? If my crime is the having been born in another country, have I not made the best reparation in my power, by removing away from it, and coming as soon as I could to where I should have been born ?

(Much laughter.) I have come over the waves of the mighty deep, to look upon your land and to visit you. Has not one God made us all? Who shall dare to split the human family asunder? who shall presume to cut the link which binds all its members to mutual amity? I am no foreigner to your hopes or your fears, and I stand where there is no discriminating hue but the color of the soul. I am not a foreigner, I am a man: and nothing which affects human nature is foreign to me, (I speak the language of a slave.)

‘But what have you known about our country? How have you been prepared to unravel the perplexities of our policy and of our party interests? How did you get an intimate acquaintance with our customs, our manners, our habits of thought and of action, and all the peculiarities of our national condition and character, the moment you set your foot upon our shores?’ And is it necessary I should know all this before I can be able or fit to enunciate the truths of the Bible? to declare the mind and will of God as he has revealed it in his word?

‘But you do not care about us or our welfare.’ Then why did I leave my own country to visit yours? It was not certainly to better my circumstances: for they have not been bettered. I never did, and I never will, better them by advocating this cause. I may enlarge my heart by it: I may make an infinite number of friends among the wretched by it: but I never can or will fill my purse by it. ‘But you are a foreigner—and have no right to speak here.’ I dismiss this—I am weary of it. I *have* an interest in America, and in all that pertains to her. And let my right hand forget its cunning, and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I am ever capable of maligning her, or sowing the seeds of animosity among her inhabitants. He might truly say, though in the words of another,

I love thee, witness heaven above,
That I this land,—this people love;
Nor love thee less, when I do tell
Of crimes that in thy bosom dwell.
There is oppression in thy hand—
A sin, corrupting all the land;—

There is within thy gates a pest—
 Gold—and a Babylonish vest.
 Repent thee, then, and swiftly bring
 Forth from the camp th' accursed thing ;
 Consign it to remorseless fire—
 Watch, till the latest spark expire ;
 Then strew its ashes on the wind,
 Nor leave an atom wreck behind !

Yet while he said this, he would also add, if possible, with still stronger emphasis, Let my right hand forget her cunning, and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I desert the cause of American abjects—or cease to plead, so long as the clanking of chains shall be heard in the very porch of the temple, and beneath the walls of your capitol. If any shall still say, I have no right to speak, I will agree to quit the assembly, on condition that that objecter will furnish to me a plea which shall avail in the day of judgment, when my Maker shall ask me why I did not do, in America, that which all the feelings of my heart, and all the dictates of my judgment, and all the principles too, of God's own gospel, so powerfully prompted me to do? If the great Judge shall say to me 'When human misery claimed you, why did you not plead the cause of suffering humanity?' will any one give me an excuse that will avail as a reply to such a question? Is there any such excuse? [Here he paused.] Shall it be because the misery for which I should have pleaded was across the water? If this is the principle, then cease your splendid embassies of mercy to China and Hindoostan : abandon the glorious missionary cause : and let us read in your papers and periodicals no more of those eloquent and high toned predictions about the speedy conversion of the world.

'But you are a monarchist, you were born the subject of a king, and we are republicans.' Yes, and because I loved the latter best, I left the dominions of a monarch, and came to the shores of a free Republic. I gave up the tinsel and the trappings of a king, for the plain coat and the simple manners of your President. But granting me to be a monarchist, will that do as an excuse before the King of kings, the Lord of lords?

‘But, we quarrelled once. You taxed us, and we would not be taxed: and now we will have nothing more to do with you.’ Indeed; and may our artizans construct your machinery, and our Irishmen feed your furnaces, and dig your canals; may our advocates come to your bar, and our ministers to your pulpits, and shall all, all be made welcome but the advocate of the Slave? Should I be welcome to you all, if I had but renounced the cause of humanity?

‘But the newspapers abuse you—they are all against you; and therefore you had better go back to where you came from.’ Yes: if I fear the newspapers. But supposing I care nothing about the newspapers, and am heartily willing that every shaft that can fly from all the presses of the land shall be launched against me, is it a good reason then? Leave me, I pray you, to take care of the newspapers, and the newspapers to take care of me: I am entirely easy on that score.

But now as to the question before us. The gentleman from Kentucky, [Mr. Birney,] has gone very fully into its civil and political bearings: that aspect of it I shall not touch: I have nothing to do with it. I shall treat it on religious ground exclusively; on principles which cannot be impugned, and by arguments which cannot be refuted. I ask the abolition of slavery from among you, not because it dooms its victims to hard labor, nor because it compels them to a crouching servility, and deprives them of the exercise of civil rights: though all these are true. No: I ask for the illumination of the minds of immortal beings of our species; I seek to deliver woman from the lash, and from all that pollutes and that degrades her; I plead for the ordinances of religion; for the diffusion of knowledge; for the sanctification of marriage; for the participation of the gospel. And If you ask my authority, I answer *there* it is (pointing to the Bible) and let him that refutes me, refute me from that volume.

The resolution I offer has respect to the moral and spiritual condition of your colored population, and I do say that while *one sixth* of your entire population are left to perish without the word of God, or the ministry of the gospel, that your splendid missionary operations abroad, justly expose you before the whole world, to the charge of

inconsistency. Your boast is, that your missionaries have gone into all the world; that you are consulting with the other christian nations for the illumination of the whole earth; and you have your missionary stations in all climes visited by the sun, from the frosts of Lapland to the sunny isles of Greece, and the scorching plains of Hindoostan; amidst the Christless literature of Persia, and the revolting vices of Constantinople. God grant that they may multiply a thousand fold—and continue to spread, till not a spot shall be left on the surface of our ruined world, where the ensign of the cross shall not have been set up. But will you, at the same time, refuse this gospel to one sixth of your own home-born population? And will you not hear me, when I ask that that word of life, which you are sending to the nations of New Holland and all the islands of the farthest sea, may be given to your slaves? When I plead for two millions and a half of human beings in the midst of your own land, left nearly, if not wholly, destitute of the blessings of God's truth? What spiritual wants have the heathen which the poor slaves have not? And what obligation binds you to the one, which does not equally bind you to the other? You own your responsibility to the heathen of other parts of the world, why not the heathen of this continent? And if to the heathen of one portion of the continent, why not to the no less heathen in another portion of it?

The resolution has reference to the diffusion of the Bible: and here I am invulnerable. You have offered to give, within twenty years, a copy of the Scriptures to every family of the world; you are now translating the sacred volume into all the languages of the earth, and scattering its healing leaves wherever men are found; and may I not say a word for the more than two millions at your door? Men whom you will not allow so much as to look into that book? Whom you forbid to be taught to read it, under pain of death? Why shall not these have the lamp of life? Are these no portion of the families of the south, whom you are pledged to supply? Is it any wonder there should be darkness in your land, that there should be spiritual leanness in your churches, that there should be Popery among you, when you thus debar men of the Bible? Is it not a fact, that while you have said you will give a

Bible to every family in the world, not one of the families of slaveholders in the Southern States is to be found included in the benefaction? Of all the four hundred and sixty thousand families of your slaves, show me one that is included in your purpose or your plan. There is not one. If it would be wicked to blot out the sun from the heavens; if it would be wicked to deprive the earth of its circumambient air, or to dry up its streams of water, is it less wicked to withhold the word of God from men? to shut them out from the means of saving knowledge? to annihilate the cross? to take away the corner stone of human hope? to legislate away from your fellow-beings the will of God as recorded in his own word.

In view of the retributions of the judgment, I plead for these men, disinherited of their birthright. And once for all, I say, that every enterprise to enlighten, convert, and bless the world, must be branded with the charge of base hypocrisy, while millions at home are formally and by law deprived of the gospel of life, of the very letter of the Bible. And what has been the result? Christianity has been dethroned; she is gone: there is no weeping mercy to bless the land of the slave; it is banished forever, as far as human laws can effect it. Brethren, I know not how you feel, nor can I tell you how I feel, when I behold you urging, by every powerful argument, the conversion of the world, while such a state of things is at your door; when I see you all tenderness for men you never saw; and yet seeming destitute of all pity for those you see every day.

Suppose, now, that in China the efforts of your missionaries should make one of the dark heathen a convert to the peaceful doctrine of the cross. What would be the duty of such a convert? Learning that there was a country where millions of his fellow sinners were yet destitute of the treasure that had enriched him for eternity, would he not leave the loved parents of his childhood, and the place of his father's sepulchres, and tracing his way across the waters, would he not come to bestow the boon upon men in America? Would he not come here to enlighten our darkness? And would he not be acting reasonably? according to the principles and commands of the very Bible you gave him?

And now I ask, what is the christianity of the South?

Is it not a chain-forging christianity? a whip-platting christianity? a marriage-denouncing, or, at best, a marriage discouraging christianity. Is it not, above all, a Bible withholding christianity? You know that the evidence is incontestible. I anticipate the objection. 'We cannot do otherwise. It is true, there are in South Carolina not twelve slaveholders who instruct their slaves; but we can't help it; there is an impassible wall; we can't throw the Bible over it; and if we attempt to make our way through, there stands the gibbet on the other side. It is not to be helped.' Why? 'SLAVERY is there.' Then away with slavery. 'Ay, but how? Do you want the slave to cut his master's throat?' By no means. God forbid. I would not have him hurt one hair of his head, even if it would secure him freedom for life. 'How then are we to get rid of it? By carrying them home?' Home? where? Where is their home? Where, but where they were born? I say, let them live on the soil where they first saw the light and breathed the air. Here, here, in the midst of you, let justice be done. 'What? release all our slaves? turn them loose? spread a lawless band of paupers, vagrants, and lawless depredators upon the country?' Not at all. We have no such thought. All we ask is, that the control of masters over their slaves may be subjected to supervision, and to legal responsibility. Cannot this be done? Surely it can. There is even now enough of energy in the land to annihilate the whole evil; but all we ask is permission to publish truth, and to set forth the claims of the great and eternal principles of justice and equal rights; and then let them work out their own results. Let the social principle operate. Leave man to work upon man, and church upon church, and one body of people upon another, until the slave States themselves shall voluntarily loose the bonds and break every yoke. All this is legitimate and fair proceeding. It is common sense. It is sound philosophy. Against this course slavery cannot stand long. How was it abolished in England? By the fiat of the legislature, you will say. True: but was there no preaching of the truth beforehand? Was there no waking up of the public mind? no appeals? no investigations? no rousing of public feelings, and concentration of the public energy? Had there been nothing

of this, the glorious act would never have passed the Parliament; and the British dependencies would still have mourned under the shade of this moral Bohon Upas.

It was well said by one of the gentlemen who preceded me, that there is a conscience at the South; and that there is the word of God at the South; and they have fears and hopes like our own: and in penning the appeals of reason and religion we cannot be laboring in vain. I will therefore say, that the hope of this cause is in the churches of God. There are church members enough of themselves to decide the destinies of slavery, and I charge upon the 17,000 ministers in this land, that they do keep this evil within our country; that they do not remember them that are in bonds as bound with them; that they fatten on the plunder of God's poor, and enrich themselves by the price of their souls. Were these all to do their duty, this monster, which has so long been brooding over our land, would soon take his flight to the nethermost hell, where he was begotten. How can these refuse to hear me? They are bound to hear; Unitarians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, be their name or their sect's name what it may, are bound to hear—for a minister is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts: and if they shall withhold their aid when God calls for it, the Lord will make them contemptible in the eyes of all the people.

Finally: this Anti-Slavery Society is not opposing one evil only: it is setting its face against all the vices of the land. What friend of religion ought to revile it? Surely the minister of Christ least of all; for it is opening his path before him; and that over a high wall that he dare not pass. Can the friend of education be against us? A society that seeks to pour the light of science over minds long benighted: a society that aims to make the beast a man: and the man an angel? Ought the friend of the Bible to oppose it? Surely not. Nor can any of these various interests of benevolence thrive until slavery is first removed out of the way.

Mr. T. in closing, observed that he had risen to-day under peculiar feelings. Two of his countrymen had been deputed to visit this country, one of them a member of the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Soci-

ety, who had been appointed with the express object of extinguishing slavery throughout the world, and belonging to a christian denomination which had actually memorialized all their sister churches in this land on the subject. My heart leaped when I learned they were to be here : especially that one of them whose name stood before the blank which is to be left in the record of this day's proceedings. Where is he now ? He is in this city : why is he not here ? The reason I shall leave for himself to explain. Sir, said Mr. T., in this very fact I behold a new proof of the power of the omnipotence of slavery : by its torpedo power a man has been struck dumb, who was eloquent in England on the side of its open opposers. What ! is it come to this ? Shall he or shall I advocate the cause of emancipation, of immediate emancipation, only because we are Englishmen ? Perish the thought ! before I can entertain such an idea I must be recreant to all the principles of the Bible, to all the claims of truth, of honor, of humanity. No sir : if man is not the same in every latitude ; if he would advocate a cause with eloquence and ardor in Exeter Hall, in the midst of admiring thousands, but because he is in America can close his lips and desert the cause he once espoused, I denounce, I abjure him. Let him carry his philanthropy home again ; there let him display it in the loftiest or the tenderest strains ; but never let him step his foot abroad, until he is prepared to show to the world that he is the friend of his kind.

The following resolution was offered by Mr. Thompson, and adopted by the Society.

Resolved, That the practice of suffering a sixth portion of the population of this Christian land to perish, destitute of the volume of Revelation, and the ministry of the Gospel, is inconsistent with the profession of zeal for the conversion of the world.

MR. THOMPSON'S REMARKS,

AT THE NEW ENGLAND A. S. CONVENTION.

Mr. Thompson arose, and delivered his valedictory, in accordance with the resolution which he offered,—in substance, giving thanks to God for his blessings on the Convention. He discoursed most feelingly and happily on the joyful, yet solemn circumstances in which he had been placed during its session, and presumed he expressed the minds of all his beloved associates. He dwelt on the striking evidences of harmony and love so richly enjoyed,—the moral strength and character of the members,—their entire unanimity of feeling and action of the great principles of abolition, and upon every other point of christian and philanthropic action: though composed of numerous sects often discordant and jarring in their interests and localities, they would not probably suspect, till they returned to their homes, that they had been among sectarians.

He enlarged upon the immutability of the principles upon which they stood, the unflinching resolution with which they were sustained, nothing daunted by the terrors of public opinion,—yea, working in the might and under the banner of Omnipotence, to change its more than Ethiopian hue, and drawing over its energies to the aid of humanity and religion.

He held up slaveholding in all its aspects as a *sin*,—God-dishonoring, soul-destroying *sin*; which must be immediately and forever abandoned,—that immediate emancipation was the only system combining vitality and energy,—while all others were as changeable as the chameleon, and no one could find their principles.

He spoke of the holy influence which God had thrown around them during their meetings, felt himself on holy ground, and hoped that all would profit by the unspeakable privileges of this solemn convocation. He rejoiced

to find responsive chords in the hearts of the noble company of fathers and brethren with whom he had been permitted to take sweet counsel, and co-operate with them in behalf of the oppressed, down-trodden Slave.

He truly thanked God for this auspicious era,—that his warmest expectations had been more than realized, and he felt conscious that he expressed the inmost feelings of his beloved associates who had been favored with this interesting season. He hoped they would all carry home those holy emotions which the spirit of God had so bountifully awakened in their hearts, and never lose sight of the lofty and thrilling claims of humanity and justice, nor cease to strive for the weal, or feel for the woes of man. He emphasised on the importance and worth of prayer, the spirit of which was manifest in the Convention, and felt assured he who had prayed most, had the most whole-souled benevolence, and loved the slave with greater ardor.

He trusted there would be no leaders in the cause, for God was their leader—He who went about doing good, their pattern:—the Bible, the chart of their principles, the ground work of their hopes: Faith and Prayer, the moral lever by which the superstructure of despotism will be overthrown, and the image of God disenthralled from the fetters of physical and mental bondage. The Day Spring from on high hath visited the moral world, bespeaking the opening dawn; soon to usher in the brightness of perfect day. The light hath touched the mountain tops, the sun looks out upon the dispersing gloom; soon will it have reached its meridian radiance, and pour upon the long-benighted,—brightening,—transformed world, the full blaze of Millennial glory.

MR. THOMPSON AT ANDOVER.

On Sunday evening, July 12th, Mr. Thompson addressed a crowded audience, from Ezekiel xxviii. 14, 15, 16—
 ‘Thou art the anointed the cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God: thou hast walked up and down in the midst of these stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee. By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned: therefore I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God: I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire.’

Mr. Thompson remarked that though this was a passage of inimitable beauty, it was one of tremendous and awful import. While it drew the picture of the wealth and grandeur of ancient Tyre, it contained the prediction of its downfall. Mr. Thompson then proceeded to portray in matchless colors the prosperity and glory of the renowned city, whose ‘builders had perfected her beauty, whose borders were in the midst of the sea, whose mariners were the men of Sidon, and who was a merchant to the people of many islands.’ Her fir trees were brought from Hermon, her oaks from Bashan, her cedars from Lebanon, her blue and purple and fine linen from Egypt, her wheat and oil and honey from Judea, her spices and gold and precious stones from Arabia, her silver from Tarsus, her emeralds and coral and agate from Syria, her warriors from Persia, and her slaves from Greece. Her palaces were radiant with jewels, and many kings were filled with the multitude of the riches of her merchandise. *But iniquity was found in her.* She had kept back the hire of the laborer by fraud. By the multitude of her riches she was filled with violence. She made merchandise of the bodies

and souls of men, therefore she should be cast down. Many nations should come up against her and destroy her walls and break down her towers. All this had been literally fulfilled.

Mr. Thompson then applied his subject to America. Your country, said he, is peculiarly an anointed cherub. Heaven smiled upon the self-denying enterprise of your praying, pilgrim fathers, and in two centuries a great nation has risen into being—a nation whose territories stretches from the Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains—a nation whose prowess by land and by sea is unsurpassed by any people that have a name—a nation whose markets are filled with the luxuries of every clime, and whose merchandise is diffused over the world. The keels of your vessels cut all waters. Your ships lie along the docks of every port of Europe, and are anchored under the walls of China. The deer and the buffalo fall before the aim of your hunters, and the eagle is stricken down from his eyry. Your hardy tars visit the ice-bound coasts of the North, and transfix the monsters of the polar seas. Your coasts are thronged with populous and extended cities, and in the interior may be seen the spires of your churches towering above the beautiful villages that surround them. Above every other nation under heaven, yours is distinguished for its christian enterprise. You can give the Bible to every family within the limits of your own territory, and pledge it to the world. Your missionaries are in all quarters of the globe, and your seventeen thousand clergy are preaching salvation in the midst of your own population. Other nations of Christendom behold with complacency the good effected by your charitable societies, and would be proud to emulate you. No nation has ever been so peculiarly blessed. You are placed upon the holy mountain of God, and walk up and down in the midst of the stones of fire, but you have sinned. Ye make merchandise of the bodies and souls of men. Ye have torn the African from his quiet home, and subjected him to interminable bondage in a land of strangers. Violence is in the midst of you, and the oppressor walks abroad unpunished. One-sixth part of your whole population are doomed to perpetual slavery. The cotton tree blooms, and the cane

field wanes, because the black man tills the soil. The sails of your vessels whiten the ocean, their holds filled with sugar, and their decks burdened with cotton, because the black man smarts under the driver's lash, while the scorching rays of a tropical sun fall blistering upon his skin. He labors and faints, and another riots on the fruits of his unrequited toils. He is bought and sold as the brute, and has nothing that he can call his own. Is he a husband? the next hour may separate him forever from the object of his affections. Is he a father? the child of his hopes may the next moment be torn from his bleeding bosom, and carried he knows not whither, but at best, to a state of servitude more intolerable than death. He looks back upon the past, and remembers his many stripes and tears. He looks forward, and no gleam of hope breaks in upon his sorrow-stricken bosom. Despair rankles in his heart and withers all his energies, and he longs to find rest in the grave. But his dark mind is uninformed of his immortal nature, and when he dies he dies without the consolations of religion, for in christian America there is no Bible for the slave. Your country being thus guilty, it behoves every citizen of your republic to consider lest the fate of Tyre be yours.

Mr. Thompson closed by expressing his determination to labor in behalf of those in bonds, till the last tear was wiped from the eye of the slave, and the last fetter broken from his heel; and then, continued he, then let a western breeze bear me back to the land of my birth, or let me find a spot to lay my bones in the midst of a grateful people, and a people FREE indeed.

Never did the writer of this article listen to such eloquence; and never before did he witness an audience hanging with such profound attention upon the lips of a speaker. But those who take the trouble to read this article, must not suppose that what I have here stated is given in Mr. Thompson's own words. Perhaps I may have made use of some of his expressions, but my object has been to give a general view of this surpassingly excellent address of our beloved brother.

On Monday evening, Mr. Thompson gave a lecture on St. Domingo. It being preliminary to subsequent lectures, it was mostly statistics from the time of the discovery of

the island, down to the year 1789. Mr. Thompson remarked that he had a two-fold object in view in giving an account of St. Domingo. First, to show the capacity of the African race for governing themselves; and, second, to show that immediate emancipation was safe, as illustrated by its effects on that island. St. Domingo, he said, was remarkable for being the place where Columbus was betrayed—for its being the first of the West India Islands to which negro slaves were carried from the coast of Africa—for the cruel treatment of the first settlers in the Island to the aborigines—for the triumph of the liberated slaves over the French, and those of the islanders who joined them—for being the birth place of the noble minded, the gifted, the honored, but afterwards, betrayed Toussaint L'Ouverture, who was born a slave, and a great part of his life labored as a slave, yet as soon as his chains were broken off, he rose at once to a man—to a general—to a commander-in-chief, and finally to the Governor of a prosperous and happy Republic.

At the close of the exercises, Mr. Thompson informed the audience, that on the next evening they would be addressed by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Editor of the *Liberator*,—the much despised and villified Wm. Lloyd Garrison was to address the citizens of Andover on the subject of slavery.

Tuesday evening arrived, and with it arrived Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Editor of the *Liberator*. The house was crowded by many, who, we doubt not, came from mere curiosity, to see the man who had been held up to the world as the 'enemy of all righteousness'—the 'disturber of the public peace'—the 'libeller of his country'—the 'outlawed fanatic'—the reckless incendiary,' who was propagating his seditious sentiments from one end of the land to the other, and yet in this *free* country, suffered to live notwithstanding.

After prayer and singing, brother Garrison arose, and said, he stood before them as the one who had been represented to the public as the propagator of discord, and the enemy of his country—that almost every opprobrious epithet had been attached to his name; but since one term of reproof had been spared him—since his enemies had never called him a *slaveholder*, he would forgive them

all the rest, and thank them for their magnanimity. He spoke for some time on the supercilious inquiry so often iterated and reiterated by our opponents; *Why don't you go to the South?* He remarked, that the very individuals who made this inquiry, and were denouncing us as fanatics, well knew that death would be the lot of him who should broach such sentiments at the South, and should the advocates of abolition throw away their lives by recklessly throwing themselves into the hands of those who were thirsting for their blood, then indeed, might these haughty querists smile over their mangled bodies, and with justice pronounce them fanatics. He touched upon several other important points which I must pass over in silence. His manner was mild, his address dignified and dispassionate, and many who never saw him before, and whose opinions, or rather prejudices were formed from the false reports of his enemies, and confirmed by *not* reading his paper, were compelled, in spite of themselves, to form an idea entirely the reverse of what they had previously entertained of him. His address did much towards removing the prejudice that many had against him, and proved an excellent catholicon to the stomachs of those who are much given to squeamishness, whenever they hear the name of Garrison mentioned.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Thompson was to have continued his remarks on St. Domingo, but a heavy rain prevented most of the audience from coming together, and by the request of those present, the address was deferred until the next evening, and the time spent in familiar conversation. An interesting discussion took place, and lasted about an hour and a half. Many important questions were canvassed, to the entire satisfaction, we believe, of all who listened to them.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Thompson resumed his account of St. Domingo. Commencing with the year 1790, he showed that the beginning of what are termed 'the horrid scenes of St. Domingo,' was in consequence of a decree passed by the National Convention, granting to the free people of color the enjoyment of the same political privileges as the whites, and again in 1791, another decree was passed, couched in still stronger language, declaring that all the free people of color in the French islands were entitled to all the privileges of citizenship. When this

decree reached Cape Francais, it excited the whites to great hostility against the free people of color. The parties were arrayed in arms against each other, and blood and conflagration followed. The Convention, in order to prevent the threatening evils, immediately rescinded the decree. By this act, the free blacks were again deprived of their rights, which so enraged them, that they commenced fresh hostilities upon the whites, and the Convention was obliged to re-enact the former decree, giving to them the same rights as white citizens. A civil war continued to rage in the island until 1793, when, in order to extinguish it, and at the same time repel the British, who were then hovering round the coasts, it was suggested that the slaves should be armed in defence of the island. Accordingly in 1793, proclamation was made, promising 'to give freedom to all the slaves who would range themselves under the banners of the Republic.' This scheme produced the desired effect. The English were driven from the Island, the civil commotions were suppressed, and peace and order were restored. After this, the liberated slaves were industrious and happy, and continued to work on the same plantations as before, and this state of things continued until 1802, when Buonaparte sent out a military force to restore slavery in the Island. Having enjoyed the blessings of freedom for nine years, the blacks resolved to die rather than again be subjected to bondage. They rose in the strength of free men, and with Toussaint L'Ouverture at their head they encountered their enemies. Many of them, however, were taken by the French, and miserably perished. Some were burnt to death, some were nailed to the masts of ships, some were sown up in sacks, poignarded, and then thrown into the sea as food for sharks, some were confined in the holds of vessels, and suffocated with the fumes of brimstone, and many were torn in pieces by the blood hounds, which the French employed to harass and hunt them in the forests and fastnesses of the mountains. At length the scene changed. The putrifying carcasses of the unburied slain poisoned the atmosphere, and produced sickness in the French army. In this state of helplessness they were besieged by the black army, their provisions were cut off, a famine raged among them so that they were compelled at last to subsist upon the flesh of the blood hounds, that they had exported from

Cuba as auxiliaries in conquering the islanders. The French army being nearly exterminated, a miserable remnant put to sea, and left the Island to the quiet possession of their conquerors.

Mr. Thompson concluded with the following summary : First, the revolution in St. Domingo originated between the whites and the *free people of color, previous to any act of emancipation*. Second, the slaves after their emancipation remained peaceful, contented, industrious, and happy, until Buonaparte made the attempt to restore slavery in the Island. Third, the history of St. Domingo proves the capacity of the black man for the enjoyment of liberty, his ability of self-government, and improvement, and the safety of immediate emancipation.

Friday evening, Mr. Thompson closed his account of St. Domingo, by giving a brief statement of its present condition. He showed by documents published in the West Indies, that its population was rapidly multiplying, its exports annually increasing, and the inhabitants of the Island improving much faster than could be reasonably expected.

After the address, opportunity was given for any individuals to propose questions. A gentleman slaveholder commenced. He made several unimportant inquiries, and along with them, abused Mr. Thompson, by calling him a '*foreign incendiary*.' Mr. Thompson answered in his usual christian calmness and dignity, not rendering reviling for reviling. The discussion continued to a late hour, and when it closed the audience gave evidence of being well satisfied with the answers given, and some who attended that evening for the first time, subscribed their names to the Constitution. Thus closed Mr. Thompson's labors with us for the present, and he left town on Saturday, July 18th. Mr. Phelps remained and addressed us on Sabbath evening, but the small space left to me, will not admit of my giving any account of it. As to the good accomplished by the labors of Messrs. Thompson and Phelps, some further account may be given hereafter. At present, I will only say, that upwards of 200 have joined the Anti-Slavery Society since they came among us.

Yours, in behalf of the A. S. Society at Andover,

R. REED, *Cor. Secretary.*

MR. THOMPSON'S SPEECH

In Commemoration of the Abolition of Slavery in the British West India Islands, on the First Anniversary of that event, by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. Thompson said: I shall not advert prospectively, nor retrospectively, to the emancipation of Englishmen. We who are engaged in a struggle similar to that of the British advocates of outraged humanity,—are to take up their example. Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Brazil, and the French, will emulate the deed. The day of triumph is certain;—there is no human power which can prevent it, or prescribe its limits; no impiety shall say to the bounding wave ‘Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther.’ The irresponsible spirit, the sublimity and moral prowess of Columbia, are the guarantees of the great achievement. We may be misrepresented and vilified; but be not disturbed at this. The same epithets now bestowed upon us, were bestowed upon a *Clarkson* and a *Wilberforce*, when one in Parliament, and the other out of it, devoted time, and talents, comfort, and reputation, to the noble work. All the filthy channels of the dictionary were turned upon a *Wilberforce*, and they fell like water upon the back of the swan, leaving its purity and loveliness unspotted and unruffled.

We learn by the event, which we commemorate, the folly of striving for less than the whole: we must struggle for complete justice; we must ask nothing, and acquiesce in nothing short of that. The planters from the West Indies, and from the Cape of Good Hope, all respectable men, besought the British nation to be moderate in doing right. O, we must cut off only the claws of the monster, leaving his jaws to crush the bodies and bones of our brethren. They said we must mitigate, mitigate, mitigate; we beseech you, be not rash, but mitigate; and in 1822, Mr. Canning, the Lords and Commons, the King and the

Church, men and women, combined to mitigate. What was the result? The planters of Jamaica burned, in the public square, the mitigating act, at 12 o'clock at night. And *twelve o'clock* it was with the hopes of the abolitionists; for the hour approached when the dawn streaked the dark horizon, and grew brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. No matter how much we mitigate and soften; no matter whether truth come as a tomahawk, or in the form of an instrument of cupping, to a delicate lady, if the truth come at all, we are still fanatics. Wilberforce was called, to the day of his death, *a hoary-headed fanatic* by the whole pro-slavery phalanx, but when he died, the illustrious and the lowly, thronged around his bier. I saw with these eyes, the deep religious reverence which his memory inspired, and the heartfelt homage which his virtues drew from a vast and splendid train. Royalty, nobility, bishops, Parliament and people, pressed to pay the great tribute of tears to the pure and exalted of the earth, whose spirit had returned to its Father in heaven.

How sleep the good who sink to rest,
 With all their country's wishes blest!
 The spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould.
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
 By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Who does not now wish to struggle for the mantle of Wilberforce? Who is not ambitious to be folded in its bright amplitude?

In this cause, you cannot escape calumny. Here is our brother, who has addressed us to day, (referring to Mr. May.) Do his mild and persuasive words, which one would think might soften the hardest heart, save him from the tongue of slander? Is not he a mark as well as I, who am rough and unspun, and not afraid to stir up the bile, so that men may see it, and detest it.

I accuse the press of the United States of dishonesty. There is Antigua, and there are the Bermudas, free as the air above, and the waters around them, and serene and peaceful, and prosperous as free; and what press has spoken—what daily or weekly vehicle of intelligence, has presented this prominent fact, by which the age itself will be quoted in times to come? Is it told in Charleston? No. Is it told in Richmond? Is it told in New York or New Haven? No. In Boston? No. A tempest in a slop basin has been got up in Jamaica; and a scene of desolation, and hanging slaves, has been painted for the gaze of the good people throughout the length of the land.

My friend did not mention the Cape of Good Hope and the Mauritius. More than twenty British colonies, subsisting in peace, and maintaining order in the transit of an unparalleled revolution, without crime, without violence, without turbulence or tumult! 'T is the death knell of American slavery. American slavery cannot last ten years longer. Let who will sink or swim, American slavery perishes. The monster reels and will down, and we shall tread upon his neck.

But it is said to be presumptuous and wrong in me to meddle with this question in the United States, because I am ignorant of it; and yet those who say this have never thought proper to show any of my errors!

It is, they say, an unconstitutional question. Ay, it is unconstitutional to feel for human suffering; it is unconstitutional to be generous to the abject, or indignant at crime; it is unconstitutional to preach, to pray, to weep. Hold, weeping mother there; your tears are unconstitutional. It is unconstitutional to print, to speak, to say that two and two make four, in the country where the ashes of *George Washington* lie! They say we shall not prove that two and two are four.

Are the friends of abolition enemies of the Union? The fastest, firmest, fondest friends of the Union, are abolitionists. I have thought that the constitution might stand, and slavery fall; that slavery might die, and the constitution live—live healthy and perennial. I have thought it might live, and the black man and the white man rejoice under its broad and protecting banner.

But I will not dwell upon this, as our friends have gone, for whose special benefit it was intended. [The speaker

was supposed to allude to a few persons, who had appeared rather restless, for some time, and had at this stage simultaneously retreated below the stairs.]

Abolition was unconstitutional in the West Indies. It was an infringement of their charter, as my friend, Mr. Child, who has shown such an intimate acquaintance with the West India colonies, knows.

But go to the hut of a free Antigonian, live with him, see a Bermudian toss up a free child, and say if there be aught unconstitutional in these. Look to them of Jamaica, when the three and five years, (a paltry chandler shop business,) have expired; and declare of those regenerated men, if the genius of emancipation have committed anything unconstitutional there.

For the present, you must be prepared to be libelled. When slavery shall have fallen, out of the ruins you may dig a pretty fair reputation. You must not expect your portraits to be excellently drawn, especially by southern limners. You may be represented with hoofs, and horns, and other appendages of a certain distinguished personage, who shall be nameless. It is in vain to regret, or strive to eschew this. Your reputation is already gone. You are in the case of poor Michael Cassio. 'O reputation, reputation, reputation, I've lost my reputation.' But yesterday, rich men bowed, and bade me good morning in State street. The periodicals were delighted with my articles, and returned substantial proofs of approbation. Now my paragraphs of an inch long are suspected; and I seldom see the sunshine of a smile.

But never mind, reputation will come by and by. We have as good a reputation as the Gallileans had, or as their Master had, and who could have a better? Take it inversely, and you will hit it about right (at least if you have all given as little cause as I have.) We have the testimony of the Most High for our principles. In the language of the Declaration of sentiment, 'man may fail, but principles never.' The mustard seed is sown, or to change the figure, the acorn is planted; nay it is not an acorn—the oak is set and shall grow, and spread over the black and the white its strong and ample boughs, and when cut down it shall be the bulwark of your glory, and the guarantee of your safety. (Mr. Thompson sat down amidst great applause.)

MR. THOMPSON AT LYNN.

FROM THE LYNN RECORD.

This distinguished young friend and disciple of Wilberforce, and justly celebrated orator, who has been repeatedly invited by the Anti-Slavery Society of this town, arrived on Saturday afternoon last, and was received with great satisfaction and delight. The society had a meeting on business, at the Town Hall, at the close of which, Mr. Thompson addressed a large crowded assembly of people, ladies and gentlemen, nearly two hours, in a strain of eloquence and power, quite beyond any thing we ever heard, and equally beyond our power to describe. All were held, as if by enchantment, to the close. It would be difficult to decide in which he most excelled, matter or manner. He took a comprehensive and varied view of the enormous injustice and evil of slavery, and brought up and considered the most prominent and popular objections to the plan of immediate abolition, and exposed their hypocrisy and absurdity in his own peculiar and effectual manner of cutting sarcasm. The effect was evidently great.

After Mr. Thompson had closed, a stern Pharisical looking man, who had been sitting near the speaker, announcing himself as a preacher of the Gospel, from the South, desired the privilege of putting a few questions to Mr. Thompson, which was readily granted, and the questions as readily answered, to the satisfaction of the audience generally. The object of the stranger was to cavil and carp at what had been said. But the tables were adroitly turned upon the poor man, in a manner least expected, and most mortifying to him. One of the questions, in substance at least, was—‘Do you consider every slaveholder a thief?’ ‘I consider every person who holds and claims the right of holding his fellow being, *as property, a MAN STEALER.*’

After several questions, captious in their nature, had been asked and answered, Mr. Thompson turned upon his assailant, 'If you have now done, sir, I, in turn, should like to ask *you* a few questions.'

'Do you consider slavery a sin?'

'I consider slavery a moral evil.'

'*Do you consider slavery a sin?*'

'I do consider slavery a sin.'

'Is the marriage of slaves *legal* in the Southern States?'

'It is legalized in Maryland.'

'Can the Slaveholder, by the laws of Maryland, separate husband and wife?'

'He can,' &c. &c.

The gentleman stranger, (who is said to belong to Springfield in this state, *formerly* from the South) appealed to the people, but finally withdrew his appeal, and declared himself 'satisfied.' Whether *satisfied* or not, we believe he had as much as he could *digest*, and as much as he could *swallow*, including the question and answer system.

On Sunday evening, Mr. Thompson delivered a lecture on Slavery, in a religious view, as opposed to the doctrines of the Bible. The meeting-house (Rev. Mr. Peabody's) was much crowded, and many went away unable to gain admittance.

On Monday evening, Mr. Thompson lectured on *the sin of slavery*, before a newly formed 'Anti-Slavery Society, of the New England Conference of Methodist Episcopal Ministers,' consisting of about 60 or 70 Ministers—(a glorious phalanx!) at the South street Methodist meeting-house. The house was well filled; but owing to a misunderstanding by many, that the lecture was to be delivered at the Woodend meeting-house, (which was otherwise engaged) all who went were enabled to get in. The lecture was a powerful and splendid production both in argument and in manner of delivery.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Thompson lectured at the Friend's meeting-house, which is very large, and was thoroughly filled. He was assisted by Rev. A. A. Phelps, one of the public Agents of the Society, whose address was able, and well received. Mr. Garrison and several other friends of the cause, from Boston and Salem, were pres-

ent. Mr. T. took occasion to glance at the past history and conduct of the Friends in regard to slavery, the lively interest they had taken in the cause of the oppressed, and the liberal contributions they had made; and exhorted to a continuance in the ways of well doing.

There may be men in our own country of more learning and more depth of mind, and strength of reasoning, than Mr. Thompson, though, we think, rarely to be found; but for readiness and skill in debate, and splendor of eloquence, as an orator, we believe he stands unrivalled. His amiableness, mildness of temper, urbanity, and blandness of manners and deportment, are adapted to win the love and affection of all, who are honored with his acquaintance. That the haughty, and the envious, should whisper their malignant hints that something evil is lurking about his character, is no more than may be naturally expected; though they are most fully and satisfactorily refuted by his numerous and honorable testimonials of respect which we have seen, from benevolent societies and individuals in England, where he is well known. These all breathe the warm friendship and esteem which goodness and greatness of soul alone can inspire.

The *independence* of mind which Mr. Thompson possesses, is one of the most striking and important traits in his excellent character. He shrinks from nothing. He is ready to attack sin and wickedness in every shape—in high or low places: and his thrusts never miss—never fail of effect.

The name of 'Mr. George Thompson' was often associated in the public journals, with distinguished orators and philanthropists, at the various public meetings of benevolent societies in England, long before he embarked for this country. He was there ranked among the most able and popular orators. But here, in this country, there are certain *would-be great men*, who dare not meet Mr. Thompson in the open field, who vent their pitiful malice, and strive to induce others to treat him with that neglect, to which themselves are so well entitled; because he brings out and exposes to the light of day their works of darkness.

'He is a *foreigner*—he has no right to come here inter-

fering with our laws, our customs, and our private rights.'

Very fine, indeed! Capital! Who has a right to interfere, or say a word, if a man murders his wife and children, or sells them into bondage? It was all his own family concern. Who has a right to express an opinion of the Turks, when oppressing, starving, and murdering the Greeks, not only men, but helpless women and children? Who has a right to express an opinion against the Russians for similar conduct toward the Poles, under similar circumstances, as the latter were the vassals of the former, in both cases? Who has a right to send Gospel missionaries abroad among the benighted heathen, groping in darkness, in order to instruct and enlighten them in the way of truth? WE—*we*, the American people, the 'sons of liberty,' claim the right, and exercise it too; without once being asked, why do ye so? We, the American people, claim and exercise the right, when the laws of God—the *eternal* laws of *truth* and *justice*, and humanity, are broken, to expose the sin, and to 'reprove, rebuke and exhort' the transgressor.

'But slavery was brought to our shores and entailed on us by *England*, against our consent, when we were under her government; and now shall England send men here to complain of the injustice and cruelty of the act, when we should be glad to get rid of the evil, but cannot?'

Reason answers, *Yes*. If England did wrong, and afterward saw the evil, repented, and brought forth fruits meet for repentance, by liberating all their own slaves, was it not right—was it not a christian duty, to extend their acts of kindness to us also, whom they had led into error; to tell us what *they* had done, and how they did it; and to aid and assist us to get out of the difficulty? The law of God is universal. The law of Christians—the law of love, is universal; and requires the subjects of that law to oppose and expose sin and oppression wherever they are found. We send Ministers, political, religious, and masonic, to England and other places—to co-operate—to ask and give assistance, and mutually to benefit each other.

But what can we, in the *Northern States* do? We can *say*, slavery is '*a sin*.' We can enlighten public sentiment on the subject, and cause the sin of slavery—the greatest

sin in the world, to become odious : and public sentiment in this country has the force of law, to correct any evil.

To assist us in these labors of love, Mr. Thompson has been sent among us, by the friends of humanity in England; and a most efficient and powerful co-worker he is, sweeping away the refuges of lies, and carrying his principles as a mighty sweeping torrent, wherever he goes. The advocates of slavery fear and hate him, the humane and philanthropic love him, and all respect and admire his talents, whatever they may pretend.

Mr. Thompson possesses *all* the requisites of an impressive and powerful orator—a fund of acquired knowledge, a brilliant imagination, natural pathos, a powerful voice, an elegant form, graceful gesticulation, a countenance capable of expressing any passion or emotion, and lastly, the most important of all, a benevolent heart—an expansive soul.

DENIAL OF KAUFMAN'S CHARGE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 30, 1835.

To the Editor of the Daily Atlas:—

SIR,—Through the kindness of a friend, I have just received a copy of your paper of this day, in which the following paragraph appears, extracted from the *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

‘Mr. Thompson, in conversation with some of the students, repeatedly averred that every slaveholder in the United States, OUGHT TO HAVE HIS THROAT CUT, *or deserved to have his throat cut*; although he afterward publicly denied that he had said so. But the proof is direct and positive. In conversation with some of the theological students, in regard to the moral instruction which ought to be enjoyed by the slaves, he distinctly declared, THAT EVERY SLAVE SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO CUT HIS MASTER'S THROAT. I state the fact—knowing the responsibility I am assuming, and challenge a legal investigation.’

In justice to myself, and the cause in which I am engaged, I feel it my duty, in the most solemn and emphatic manner, to deny the above allegations. They are at total variance with all the sentiments I have ever either publicly or privately expressed. I refer with the utmost confidence, to all who know me, and to the many thousands who have listened to my public addresses, as witnesses to the perfectly *pacific* character of my views and principles, on the subject of slavery. I hold in utter abhorrence the shedding of blood, and would, if I had the power, inculcate upon the mind of every slave in the world, the apostolical precept, ‘Resist not evil.’ These doctrines I hold in common with the advocates of immediate emancipation universally. Their views, on the subject under discussion, are, I believe, in strict coincidence with the views of the Society of Friends.

I shall endure, without wrath, the epithets, censures, and accusations heaped upon me; nor can I wonder at the treatment I am daily receiving, when I remember that it was said of Him, whose benevolent doctrines I am humbly endeavoring to set forth, 'Behold he hath a devil.'

It may be as well to add, that I heard a rumor of the first charge, when some time ago in Andover, and there most publicly repelled it. The latter charge is entire new.

Yours, respectfully,

GEORGE THOMPSON.

MR. SUNDERLAND'S STATEMENT.

BOSTON, OCT. 24, 1835.

To the Editor of the Liberator:—

SIR,—I have just now seen a communication taken from the New York Commercial Advertiser, and signed by A. Kaufman, Jr., in which the writer refers to a conversation which took place between himself and Mr. George Thompson, during the visit of the latter gentleman to Andover, in July last, and in which Mr. Kaufman says, that Mr. Thompson used the following language, '*If we preached what we ought, or if we taught the slaves to do what they ought, WE WOULD TELL EVERY ONE OF THEM TO CUT THEIR MASTERS' THROATS.*'

I cannot express the astonishment I felt upon reading this statement, as I was present during the interview, when the above language is said to have been used, and I am sure that no such language was used by Mr. Thompson. I am confident that I heard every word which passed between Mr. Thompson and Mr. Kaufman, on that occasion, as I felt considerable solicitude in it, from a little knowledge which I had previously had of Mr. Kaufman, occasioned by some statements, which I had heard him make, concerning the church of which I am a member, in the chapel of the Theological Seminary at Andover.

I can easily account for the mistake into which Mr.

Kaufman has fallen, in relation to what Mr. Thompson did say at that time, as he appeared to be somewhat embarrassed, especially when he was requested to mention one place in the Bible, which gave one human being the right to hold another as property. He apologized for not being then prepared to quote a passage from the Bible to this point, and added, that 'he could do it at another time.'

Something was then said which led Mr. Thompson to quote Exodus xxi. 16, 'He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death;' upon which, Mr. Kaufman immediately asked, —'And would you have the slaves rise and cut their masters' throats?' or words to that effect. Mr. Thompson answered, 'NO! *But if one could have a right to cut another's throat the slave has a right to cut his master's throat, who holds him in bondage;*' and then added, that no one could have such a right, and that he would not have a drop of the slaveholder's blood spilt, if by this means all the slaves could be set free throughout the world;' and language to this effect he repeated to Mr. K. frequently.

It was repeated, because Mr. K. said to Mr. T. a number of times 'You would have the slaves cut their masters' throats, would you?' and once Mr. Thompson answered in reply, 'that the slaves had as much right and as much provocation to do this, as some of our fathers had to put the British to death, when they felt that they were oppressed by them; but he did not believe it right to shed blood in any case.'

During the conversation, Mr. Kaufman appeared excited, and manifested, as I thought at the time, rather an unpleasant, if not a captious spirit. Mr. Thompson manifested nothing that had the least appearance of anger; his manners were agreeable and christian-like, as usual.

The conversation took place at the house of the Rev. S. W. Wilson, who himself was present, together with the Rev. Mr. Downing, Prof. Gregg, and some others, who will, I doubt not, confirm the statement I have made above. In the mean time, the public may rest assured, that the writer above named, labors under a misapprehension, and that George Thompson did not, at the time referred to, use the offensive language which has been attributed to him.

MR. GREGG'S STATEMENT.

HUDSON, (OHIO,) OCT. 27, 1835.

Mr. Thompson:—

DEAR SIR,—I have not seen the statement of Mr. Kaufman to which you allude, and am not, therefore, able to say whether it corresponds in matter and form, with my own impressions of the conversation to which it refers.

At your request, however, I am ready to state what were my own impressions at the time, as I expressed them to Mr. Kaufman, both orally and in writing, on the day subsequent to the conversation.

I understood you to make use of the expression, 'Slaveholders *deserve* to have their throats cut,' in reference to what you supposed to be *their desert*, and not *the duty of their slaves*. When Mr. K. repeated the phrase, and asked whether you meant to say so, you replied, 'Yes,' and reiterated the remark, quoting, in confirmation of it, the text, 'Whosoever stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death.' I also understood you to say, in the same connection, 'I would teach *slaves* the doctrine of Paul—"Servants be obedient to your masters,"' &c., the duty of passive submission to wrong, or words to the same purport.

You are at liberty to make any use of this communication which the interest of truth may require. As Mr. Kaufman has stated to the public his impressions of the conversation, I deem it but an act of simple justice to yourself to state mine.

Yours, &c.

JARVIS GREGG.

Mr. T.—*Dear Sir*,—I have given you what I believe to be a true version of the said conversation, and thrown it into the form of a letter to yourself, as the most convenient. Mr. Kaufman has now in his possession my statement in relation to it, given to him on the day subsequent to the conversation, which is in substance the same as I have communicated to you; and I think it a little strange

that he should not have given that to the public, by the side of his own. I trust you will be preserved from using expressions, which may be wrested to your own injury, and the prejudice of the cause of truth and humanity. May God bless you, and keep you, and 'defend the right.'

Yours truly,

J. GREGG.

MR. PHELPS' STATEMENT.

FARMINGTON, Nov. 2, 1835.

Dear Brother Thompson :—

Yours of the 17th ult., directed to me at Utica, is now before me. Did I deem it necessary, I would state in detail, so far as I can recollect it, the conversation between yourself and Mr. Kaufman, at Andover. It took place while we were lecturing there, and in the house of Rev. S. W. Willson. Mr. Kaufman was brought to the house and introduced to our acquaintance by Mr. Gregg, formerly a tutor at Dartmouth college, and then a student at Andover, who was also present at the conversation.

Mr. Kaufman declares that you said, '*If we preached what we ought, or if we taught the slaves to do what they ought, WE WOULD TELL EVERY ONE OF THEM TO CUT THEIR MASTER'S THROAT.*'

I say unhesitatingly, that you did not utter any such words, or any such sentiment on that occasion; and that I never heard you do so on any other occasion, public or private, though I have labored with you weeks together in the cause of emancipation.

As to the other form of phraseology, that 'every slaveholder ought (or deserves) to have his throat cut,' Mr. Kaufman affirms you employed these *very* words;—that you 'made use of *this naked, unqualified, unconditional* declaration,' and moreover, that he 'repeated the question three or four times, and you uniformly answered in the

same manner ;' and still further, that the passage, 'Who-so stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death'—was not quoted by you in 'this connection.'

I affirm, that this passage *was* quoted in *this* connection, and in reply to a demand for a *single* passage which declared slaveholding to be a sin—that the repetition of the question in the case, was the repetition of an opponent, endeavoring to push you on to a *literal* application of the passage, and thus make you say something, of which he could take advantage against you—and finally, that in your answers, you did not employ those '*very* words' nor 'make use of the *naked, unqualified, unconditional* declaration, that every slaveholder ought (or deserved) to have his throat cut.' So far from it, your answer was *qualified* by its connection, and was entirely destitute of the throat-cutting part of the phraseology.

That I am correct in the above statement, I am quite sure from the fact, that Mr. Kaufman reported the same story at the time, and in substantially the same words, and that then, *when the whole conversation was fresh in my mind, I declared it to BE FALSE.*

You are at liberty to make what use you please of this statement.

Yours truly,

AMOS A. PHELPS.

MR. THOMPSON AT EAST ABINGTON.

Agreeably to previous notice, an Anti-Slavery lecture was delivered by Mr. George Thompson, in the congregational meeting-house in East Abington, on Thursday, the 15th inst., to a crowded and respectable audience, composed of the inhabitants of the place, and persons from the adjacent towns, from eight to ten miles distant ; among whom we were happy to see most of the clergy of the different denominations in the vicinity.

The prevailing excitement in the community on the subject of slavery—the various conflicting representations of the character and designs of the lecturer—and the recent disturbances in a neighboring village had aroused the attention of the people to the subject, and created a strong desire to hear what this ‘incendiary,’ this ‘disorganizer,’ and above all this ‘foreigner’ would say. Mr. Thompson stated in a concise manner, what were the *principles* of the abolitionists, whom he represented, as he understood them ; but was more full and particular on the *measures*, as they are more generally opposed. Nothing could be more foreign from these measures, as explained by him, than a disorganizing spirit, or a tendency to produce a spirit of insurrection among slaves. He would say to the slave, ‘injure not a hair of the head of your master ; but wait patiently, wait even cheerfully, God’s time for your emancipation.’ He discarded, in the strongest terms, any wish to interfere with the rights of the slaveholding states, guaranteed them by the Constitution : he would not recommend even petitioning Congress on the subject. He believed slavery to be a heinous sin, and that it might be abolished, if those concerned in it were willing ; and all he wished was to persuade them to abandon it. He had drawn all his principles from that fountain of truth and righteousness, the Bible—he wanted no other text book—he wanted to establish no other prin-

ciples, than were contained in this unerring standard of truth. He believed the cause of the abolitionists was founded on these principles—that it was the cause of God, and would therefore prevail, whatever might become of those now engaged in it.

The audience were held in breathless silence for nearly two hours, listening to the loftiest strains of eloquence, replete with sentiments of the most elevated piety, and most expansive philanthropy.

From remarks since made by those present, it is evident that a favorable impression was left on the minds of nearly all the hearers, with regard to the cause. Such remarks as these were heard: 'If these are the principles and measures of the abolitionists, I am an abolitionist.' 'If any man, acknowledging slavery to be an evil, will propose a more mild, pacific, and rational plan to remove it, than has been proposed to day, I should like to hear it.' 'If a lecturer like Mr. T. were stationed in every village at the south, inculcating the principles expressed in this place, I believe it would do more to prevent insurrection than all the coercive measures of legislators, and threats, and lashes of master and driver.'

The services were performed, throughout, with the greatest decency and order. Not a dog moved his tongue, nor an adder hissed to disturb the peace of the meeting. Some apprehensions of disturbance were entertained by the more timid; but the result has shown that there is at present, one place, at least, in Abington, where the 'supremacy of the laws' is acknowledged, and 'free discussion' maintained.

Mr. Thompson left the house, not in a shower of brick-bats, but, as we trust, under a cloud of pure incense, ascending from devout hearts, in fervent aspirations to Him who holds the hearts of all men in his hand, for a blessing on the person and labors of his reviled and persecuted servants.

LETTER FROM EAST ABINGTON.

EAST ABINGTON, OCT. 15, 1835.

Mr. Garrison :

DEAR SIR,—I am happy to inform you that we have had the pleasure of listening, this afternoon, to a long and most eloquent address from Mr. Thompson, in peace and quietness, notwithstanding the base attempt of some of your Boston Editors to incite the disorderly to come here and make a disturbance. The meeting-house was filled above and below. I saw not an empty seat on the floor or in the galleries. People came from all the adjoining towns—many of them our most intelligent and influential inhabitants. Although it may be too true, that the merchants of Boston and New York will consent to have their liberty of speech abridged, for the sake of the southern trade;—and the politicians of our cities will compromise the freedom of the press to the accomplishment of their party purposes—yet will not the yankee farmers consent

‘——to be told, beside the plough,
What they must speak, and *when*, and *how*.

It seems to me, the question now before our country, is not so much whether slavery shall be abolished, as whether *the palladium of our own liberties shall be preserved inviolate?* The opposers of the Abolitionists are trampling upon the Constitution. We have the same right to invite Mr. Thompson to address us on the subject of slavery, as to invite any other man—and to be unmolested in our right. Those who do not wish to hear him may stay away from our meetings. But we will not consent that the pro-slavery party shall come or send into our country towns to break up or disturb meetings, which we see fit to hold,

under the sanction of the Constitution, in order that we may be enlightened as to our duty to our enslaved countrymen. If we, or the abolitionists, or Mr. Thompson, violate the laws of the land, let us, or them, be dealt with accordingly—but if the laws protect us, let not our fellow-citizens countenance the outrages of mobocrats, however ‘rich and respectable’ they may be.

I rejoice that we have had a large meeting of the yeomanry of Massachusetts assembled in this town, to hear Mr. Thompson just at this time; because the opposers of freedom and the rights of man, and the liberty of speech, seem to have singled him out as the especial object of attack, thus identifying him with the cause which every *true* New Englander loves. I have no time to give you a detailed account of Mr. Thompson’s address. It was listened to with deep—often breathless attention—and not a sentiment escaped his lips, although he spoke with matchless rapidity, to which any friend of man or of America could object.

Yours,

R.

MR. THOMPSON AT CONCORD, N. H.

FROM THE CONCORD (N. H.) HERALD OF FREEDOM.

To reply to all the slanders and falsehoods showered upon the noble stranger, George Thompson, from our most unscrupulous press, with a frequency, multiplicity, and *malice aforethought*, that beat the 'infernal machine' fired off at Louis Phillippe, would worry down Briareus himself with a whole quiver of goose quills in each of his hundred hands—and an attempt to be heard before a community resolved into one great variegated mobocracy, were as idle and bootless as 'the whistle of the stout mariner amid the roar of the tempest.' But there is now and then a perpetration that transcends abolition patience itself.

Professing Christians, most of us, we did not dream that associations of the friends of *missions* would disregard the appeal of Mr. Thompson, or refuse to hear him because he was 'a foreigner,' or that an enlightened ministry would join in with the wicked partizan deprecation, 'Foreign emissary, supported by foreign funds, sent here to overturn our peculiar institutions.' What is the missionary to India but an 'emissary?' what is New England to the Hindoo but 'foreign' land? and what the gifts of the monthly concert, and the treasures of the contribution box, but 'foreign funds' to the banks of the Ganges? and what—I was about to say—are the infernal rights of Heathenism but their 'peculiar institutions?' But here the parallel fails, for there is nothing in all the grim and foul incidents of ages of Pagan darkness and depravity, to be named by the side of that unutterable, diabolical 'peculiarity,' *American*

Slavery! Slavery, pure, absolute, unalloyed—extinguishing the soul, rendering needless all fetters of the body, reducing man to the implicit subserviency of the dog—No! there is no ‘peculiar institution’ under heaven, comparable with this, and has not been since the fall.

Mr. Thompson witnessed this *associate* procedure; and on his return to his lodgings, took up the question with professional composure,—‘What has the Church to do with slavery?’ He made it the theme of his evening lecture. The chapel was full. Many clergymen of the association, and gentlemen of high ecclesiastical and literary rank attended. I wish they had all attended. I wish the entire ministry of New England could have heard that lecture. ‘What has the Church to do with Slavery?’ was the tremendous interrogatory, and would to Heaven the American church could have listened to the mighty reasonings in reply. Could they have been within the reach of that argument, and heard it in the spirit of Christians in seasons of revivals,—the ‘incendiary’ appeal of George Thompson, that night, would have proved, by the blessing of God, the overthrow, forever, of American Slavery.

At the animated and urgent request of many who were desirous to hear him again, he remained and lectured on Wednesday evening. The chapel was thronged. Very many clergymen attended—more than on the preceding evening. It was as reverend and respectable an auditory as the land could afford. The theme of the lecture was the crime of the abolitionists and the sin of their cause. It was that they pleaded for the *black man*. It was because he was *black*. The orator seemed to give full play to his feelings and his genius. His illustration of the two *philanthropists* in the captive’s dungeon at midnight, one demanding of the other, as they came nigh and heard his moan, and the clank of his chain, as he tossed in his restless sleep—that they should rescue him and give him his liberty, and the other, in the true spirit of prudential *expediency*, questioning of the captive’s form, his country, his features, his *complexion*, and to all these, the reply *He is a man*, in thundering succession, was overpowering—terrible. I do not remember any thing like its effect upon the auditory. The whole lecture was of grand and lofty

eloquence, realizing to me what I had imagined of the powers of Sheridan or Patrick Henry.

At the close of the lecture, a resolution drawn by Mr. Whittier, and vindicating the claims of Anti-Slavery upon the church, and upon all patriots and Christians, was offered by Rev. Mr. Curtis of Pittsfield. Rev. Mr. Root of Dover, in the chair. It was seconded—twice read, that it might be distinctly heard, and carried by an almost universal vote—not a hand rising to the contrary call. After this, under impressions that I could not resist, in such terms as I could command, I moved the reverend and learned assembly, that thanks be proffered to our beloved brother Thompson, for his affectionate labors among us, and that the vote be expressed by rising. The motion was answered by a spontaneous, simultaneous, and enthusiastic rising, that seemed to leave no unthanking or unthankful individual in town.

LETTER FROM MARBLEHEAD.

THURSDAY EVENING, OCT. 22, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND—

And fellow-laborer in the cause of freedom, for two millions two hundred and fifty thousand American slaves :

Since despatching the few hasty lines which I wrote you on receipt of the news of yesterday's proceedings in Boston, I have yielded to a strong impulse to address you a longer communication, more fully expressive of the views and feelings with which the signs of the times have inspired me. I despair, however, of finding words to express adequately the deep sympathy I cherish with you in the midst of your trials and persecutions, and the feelings of my soul, as I contemplate passing events, and follow out to its ultimate results, the headlong wickedness of this generation. Surely, we can enter somewhat into the experience of the lamenting prophet, when he exclaimed,—‘ Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the sins’ of this people.

How unutterably affecting is a view of the present aspect of the country! The enslavement of the colored population seems to be but one of a hideous host of evils, threatening in their combined influence, the overthrow of the fairest prospects of this wide republic. Of the abolition of slavery I feel certain. Its doom is sealed. I read it in the holy and inflexible resolves of thousands who are coming up to the contest with the spirit of martyrs, and in the strength, and under the leadership of Jehovah. I read it in the blind fury and unmitigated malignity of Southern tyrants and their Northern participants in crime. I read it in the gathering frown, and bursting indignation of Christendom. The consummation of our hopes draws

nigh. The times are pregnant with great events. America must witness *another* revolution, and the *second* will be far more illustrious in its results than the *first*. The second will be a *moral* revolution. A struggle for higher, holier, more catholic, more patriotic principles: and the weapons of our warfare will not be carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds. During the progress of this latter revolution will be witnessed the *advent* of 'LIBERTY,' in the true sense of that now much abused and perverted name:

'O spring to light, auspicious babe, be born.'

While, however, I have no fears respecting the ultimate effectuation of the object so dear to our hearts, I have many fears for the perpetuity of this nation as a Republic—for the continuance of these States as a Union—for the existence of that Constitution, which, properly respected and maintained, would bless the country and the world. These fears do not arise from any tendency to such results in the principles of abolition in themselves considered. Those principles are conservative of the peace, and happiness, and security of the nation; and, if voluntarily acted upon, would heal many of the feuds and animosities which have endangered the integrity of the Union. My fears are founded upon the symptoms every where exhibited, of an approach to mob-supremacy, and consequent *anarchy*. In every direction I see the minority prostrate before the majority; who, despite of law, the constitution, and natural equity, put their heel upon the neck of the weaker portion, and perpetrate every enormity in the name of '*public opinion*.' 'PUBLIC OPINION' is at this hour the *demon of oppression*—harnessing to the ploughshare of ruin, the ignorant and interested opposers of the truth in every section of this heaven-favored, but mob-cursed land. Already the Constitution lies prostrate—an insulted, wounded, impotent form. A thousand hands are daily uplifted to send assassin daggers to its heart. Look on the pages of the daily press, and say, if traitors to liberty and the Constitution are not sedulously schooling a hood-winked multitude to commit a suicidal act upon their own boasted freedom? Count (if they can be counted) the disturban-

ces occurring all over the land, and say, is not mob-supremacy the order of the day? Where is the freedom of speech? where the right of association? where the security of national conveyances? where the inviolability of personal liberty? where the sanctity of the domestic circle? where the protection of property? where the prerogatives of the judge? where the trial by jury? Gone, or fast disappearing. The minority in every place speak, and write and meet, and walk, at the peril of their lives. I speak not now exclusively of the Anti-Abolition mania, which has more recently displayed itself with all its froth and foam, and thirst for spoliation and blood. I have in mind the Anti-Mormanism of Missouri, and its accompanying heart-rending persecutions:—the *Anti-Anti-Masonic* fury, with the **ABDUCTION OF MORGAN**, and its other grim features of destruction and death:—the burning zeal of *Anti-Temperance*, with its bonfires and effigies, and its innumerable assaults upon persons and property:—the *Anti-Gambling*, and the *Anti-Insurrection* tragedies of Southern States, with their awful waste of human life, and the frequent sacrifice of the blood of **INNOCENT VICTIMS**:—but time would fail to tell of *Anti-Whig*, and *Anti-Jackson*, and *Anti-Convent*, and *Anti-Bank*, and *Anti-Kean*, and *Anti-Anderson*, and *Anti-Graham*, and *Anti-Joel Parker*, and *Anti-Cheever*, and *Anti-Colored School*, and *Anti-House of Ill-fame* riots, with all the other anti-men and anti-women, anti-black, and anti-red, and anti-meat, and anti-drink riots, and mobs, and persecutions, which have distinguished this age and land of Revivals, and Missions, and Bible Societies, and educational operations, and liberty, and independence, and equality. Suffice it to say, that for some years past, all who have dared to act, or think aloud, in opposition to the will of the majority, have held their property and being dependent on the clemency of A MOB. Were I a citizen of this country, and did there seem no escape from such a dreadful state of things—if I did not, on behalf of the righteous and consistent, (for, thank God there are thousands of such, who cease not day nor night to weep and pray for their country,) hope and believe for brighter days and better deeds, I should choose to own the dominion of the darkest despot that ever sealed the lip of truth, or made the soul

of a slave tremble at his glance. If I *must* be a slave—if my lips *must* wear a padlock—if I *must* crouch and crawl let it be before a hereditary tyrant. Let me see around me the symbols of royalty, the bayonets of a standing army, the frowning battlements of a bastille. Let me breathe the air of a country where the divine right of kings to govern wrong is acknowledged and respected. Let me know what is the sovereign will and pleasure of the *one* man I am taught to fear and serve. Let me not see my rights, and property, and liberties, scattered to the same breeze that floats the flag of freedom. Let me not be sacrificed to the demon of despotism while laying hold upon the horns of our altar dedicated to 'FREEDOM and EQUALITY!' I hope, however, for the best. I trust to see the people saved from their infatuation and madness. I look very much to the spread of anti-slavery principles for the salvation of the country, for they are the principles of righteous government—they are a foundation for order, and peace, and just laws, and equitable administration; and those who embrace them, will be likely to act wisely and righteously upon other great questions.

A MOB IN BOSTON!! and *such* a mob!!! Thirty ladies *completely routed*, and a board 6 feet by 2 utterly demolished by 3000 or 4000 respectable ruffians—in broad day-light, and broad-cloth! Glorious achievement! and, as it deserved to be—regularly Gazetted. Indeed, this noble army of gentlemanly savages had all the customary adjuncts of civilized warfare. There were 'Posts,' and 'Sentinels,' and 'Couriers,' and 'Gazettes,' and a 'HOMER' too, to celebrate their praise! A mob in Boston! The birth-place of the revolution—the Cradle of Liberty! A mob in Washington (!) Street, Boston, TO PUT DOWN FREE DISCUSSION.

'Hung be the Heavens with black!'

Shrouded in midnight be the height of Bunker. Let the bells of the Old South and Brattle Street be muffled, and let the knell of the country's boasted honor and liberty be rung. Ye hoary veterans of the revolution!

clothe yourselves in sackcloth ! strew ashes on your heads, and mourn your country's downfall :

‘ For what is left the patriot here !

For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.’

Would that you had died, ere the sad truth was demonstrated, that you fought and bled in vain !

A mob in Boston ! O, tell it not in St. Petersburg : publish it not in the streets of Constantinople. But it *will be told* ; it *will be published*. The damning fact will ring through all the haunts of despotism, and will be a cordial to the heart of Metternich—sweet music in the ears of the haughty Czar, and a prophetic note of triumph to the sovereign Pontiff. What American lip will henceforth dare to breathe a sentence of condemnation against the bulls of the Pope, or the edicts of the Autocrat ? Should a tongue wag in affected sympathy for the denationalized Pole, the outlawed Greek, the wretched Serf, or any of the priest-ridden or king-ridden victims of Europe, will not a voice come thundering over the billows :—

‘ Base hypocrites ! let your charity begin *at home*—look at your own Carolinas—go, pour the balm of consolation into the broken hearts of your two millions of enslaved children—rebuke the murderers of Vicksburg—reckon with the felons of Charleston—restore the contents of rifled mail-bags—heal the lacerations, still festering, on the ploughed backs of your own citizens—dissolve the star chambers of Virginia—tell the confederated assassins of Alabama and Mississippi to disband—call to judgment the barbarians of Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and New York, and Concord, and Haverhill, and Lynn, and Montpelier ; and the well-dressed mobocrats of *Utica*, and SALEM, and BOSTON. Go, ye praters about the soul-destroying ignorance of Romanism, gather again the scattered schools of Canterbury and Canaan—get the clerical minions of Southern task-masters to rescind their ‘ *Resolutions* ’ of withholding knowledge from immortal Americans—rend the veil of legal enactments by which the beams of light divine are hidden from millions who are left to grope their way through darkness here, to everlasting blackness beyond the grave. Go, shed your ‘ patriotic ’ tears over the

infamy of your country amidst the ruins of yonder Convent. Go, proud and sentimental Bostonians, preach clemency to the respectable horde who are dragging forth for immolation one of your own citizens. Cease your anathemas against the Vatican, and screw your courage up to resist the worse than papal bulls of Georgia, demanding, at the peril of your 'bread and butter,' the 'HEADS' of your citizens, and the passage of GAG-LAWS. Before you rail at arbitrary power in FOREIGN regions, save your own citizens from the felonious interception of their correspondence; and teach the sworn and paid servants of the Republic the obligations of an oath, and the guaranteed rights of a *free* people. Send not your banners to Poland, but tear them into shreds to be distributed to the mob, as halters for your sons. When, next July, you rail at mitres, and crosiers, and sceptres; and denounce the bowstring, and the bayonet, and the faggot, let your halls be decorated with plaited scourges, wet with the blood of the sons of the Pilgrims—let the tar cauldron smoke—the gibbet rear aloft its head—and CATS, and BLOOD-HOUNDS,* (the brute auxiliaries of Southern Liberty men) howl and bark in unison with the demoniacal ravings of a gentlemanly mob'—while above the Orator of the day, and beneath the

* See the accounts in Southern newspapers of '*a curious mode of punishment*' recently introduced, called 'CAT-HAULING.' The victim is stretched upon his face, and a cat, thrown upon his bare shoulders, is dragged to the bottom of the back. This is continued till the body is 'completely lacerated.'

'The Vicksburgh (Miss.) Register says, that Mr. Earl, one of the victims of mobocracy in Mississippi, was tortured a whole night to elicit confession. The brutal and hellish tormenters laid Mr. Earl upon his back, and drew a cat tail foremost across his body!!! He hung himself soon after in jail.'

See also the accounts of the Mississippi murders given by a correspondent in the Charleston Courier, dating his letter Tyger, (how appropriate!) Bayou, Madison County, Miss. The following is an extract: 'Andrew Boyd, a conspirator, was required by the Committee of Safety, and Mr. Dickson. Hiram Reynolds and Hiram Perkins (since killed) were ordered to arrest him. They discovered he was flying, and immediately commenced the pursuit, with a **PACK OF TRAINED HOUNDS**. He miraculously effected his deliverance from his pursuers, after swimming Big Black River, and running through cane-brakes and swamps until night fall, when the party called off **THE DOGS**. Early next morning they renewed the chase, and started Boyd one mile from whence they had called off the dogs. But he effected his escape on horse (fortune throwing one in his way,) *the hounds* not being accustomed to that training after he quit the bush.'

striped and starry banner, stand forth in characters of blood, the distinctive mottos of the age :

DOWN WITH DISCUSSION.
LYNCH LAW TRIUMPHANT.
SLAVERY FOREVER.
HAIL, COLUMBIA.

Before you weep over the wrongs of Greece, go wash the gore out of your national shambles—appease the frantic mother robbed of her only child, the centre of her hopes, and joys, and sympathies—restore to yon desolate husband the wife of his bosom—abolish the slave marts of Alexandria,—the human flesh auctions of Richmond and New Orleans—‘undo the heavy burdens,’ ‘break every yoke,’ and stand forth to the gaze of the world—not steeped in infamy and rank with blood, but in the posture of penitence and prayer, a FREE and REGENERATED nation.

Such, truly, are the bitter reproaches with which every breeze from a distant land might be justly freighted. How long?—In the name of outraged humanity, I ask, how long shall they be deserved? Are the people greedy of a world’s execration? or have they any sense of shame—any blush of patriotism left? Each day the flagrant inconsistency and gross wickedness of the nation are becoming more widely and correctly known. Already on foreign shores the lovers of corruption and despotism are referring with exultation to the recent bloody dramas in the South and the pro-slavery meetings and mobs of the country generally, *in proof* of the ‘*dangerous tendency of Democratic principles.*’ How long shall the deeds of America clog the wheels of the car of Universal Freedom? Vain is every boast—*acts* speak louder than *words.* While

‘Columbia’s sons are bought and sold,’

while citizens of America are murdered without trial—while persons and property are at the mercy of a mob—while city authorities are obliged to make concessions to a bloody minded multitude, and finally incarcerate unoffending citizens to save them from a violent death—while ‘gentlemen of standing and property’ are in unholy league

to effect the abduction and destruction of a 'foreigner, the head and front of whose offending is, that he is laboring to save the country from its worst foe—while assemblages of highly respectable citizens, comprising large numbers of the clergy, and some of the judges of the land, are interrupted and broken up, and the houses of God in which they met, attacked in open day by thousands of men armed with all the implements of demolition—while the entire south presents one great scene of slavery and slaughter—and while the north deeply sympathise with their 'southern brethren,' sanction their deeds of felony and murder, and obsequiously do their bidding by hunting down their own fellow citizens who dare to plead for equal rights—and, finally, while hundreds of the ministers of Christ, of every denomination, are making common cause with the plunderer of his species—yea, themselves reduce God's image to the level of the brute, and glory in their shame—I say, while these things exist, professions and boasts are 'sounding brass;' men will learn to loathe the name of Republicanism, and deem it synonymous with mob despotism, and the foulest oppression on the face of the globe.

A word to the opposers of the cause of emancipation. You must stop in your career of persecution, or proceed to still darker deeds—and wider desolations. At present, you have done nothing but help us. You have, it is true, made a *sincere*, though impotent attempt to please your masters at the south. The abolitionists have risen after every attempt to crush them, with greater energy and in greater numbers. They are still speaking; they are still writing; still praying; still weeping (not over *their sufferings*, but *your sins*)—they are working in public and in private, by day and by night—they are sustained by principles you *do* not (because you *will* not) understand—principles drawn pure from the throne of God—they have meat to eat which you know not of, and live, and are nourished, and are strong while you wonder that they do not wither under your frown, and fall into annihilation before the thunderbolts of your wrath. Some of you have conversed with them. What think you of the abolitionists? of their moral courage—their tact in argument—their knowledge of the scriptures—their interpretation of the constitution? Have you found them ignorant? Have

you found them weak? Have you not often been driven to your wit's end by the probing questions or ready answers of these silly and deluded women and children? How then do you expect to conquer? If *finally* by the *sword*, why delay. Commence the work of butchery to-day. Every hour you procrastinate, witnesses an increase of your victims—a defection from your ranks, and an augmentation in numbers and influence of those you wish to destroy. You profess to be republicans. Have you ever asked yourselves what you are doing for the principles you profess to revere? In the name of sacred Liberty, I call upon you to pause. I conjure you,

‘By every hallowed name,
That ever led your sires to fame :’—

pause, and see whither your present deeds are tending. Be honest—be just—just to yourselves, just to us, before you condemn us, still more, before you seek to destroy us, ‘Search us, and know our hearts; try us, and know our thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in us.’ Condemn us not unheard. ‘Strike, but hear.’ Remember, too, that your violence will effect nothing while the liberty of the press remains. While the principles and opinions of abolitionists, as promulgated in their journals, are carried on the wings of the wind over sea and land, you do but give a wider circulation to those principles and opinions by your acts of violence and blood. You awaken the desire—the determination to know and understand what ‘these babblers say.’ Be prepared, therefore, to violate the constitution by annihilating the Liberty of the Press.

In this place it may not be inappropriate to introduce a passage from an able letter, recently addressed by the eloquent M. de Chateaubriand to the French Chamber of Deputies, while that body were advocating the recent law for imposing severe restrictions on the French press :

‘I could, (says he,) if I wished, crush you under the weight of your origin, and show you to be faithless to yourselves, to your past actions and language. But I spare you the reproaches which the whole world heaps upon you. I call not upon you to give an account of the oaths you have taken. I will merely tell you that you have not arrived at the end of your task, and that in the perilous career you have entered upon—following the example of other governments which have met with destruction—you must go on

till you arrive at the abyss. You have done nothing till you establish the censorship ; nothing but that, can be efficacious against the liberty of the press. A violent law may kill the man, but the censorship alone kills the idea, and this latter it is which ruins your system. Be prepared, then, to establish the censorship, and be assured that on the day on which you do establish it you will perish.'

In concluding this lengthened communication, let me exhort you, my beloved brother, to 'be of good cheer,' and to exercise unwavering confidence in the God your serve—the God of Jacob, and of Elijah, and of Daniel—of all who, with singleness, prefer the faithful discharge of duty, and its consequences, to the suggestions of expediency, and the favor of the world. He is able to deliver you in the hour of peril, and give you the victory over all your enemies. To Him resort for refuge. He will be a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest ; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. To all, who with you are waging this holy war, I would say ;—Let not passing events move you. The turbulence and malignity of your opponents prove the potency and purity of your cause. But yesterday the abolitionists were esteemed few, mean, silly, and contemptible. Now they are of sufficient importance to arouse and fix the attention of the entire country, and earth and hell are ransacked for weapons and recruits, with which to fight the ignorant, imbecile, superannuated and besotted believers in the doctrines of immediate emancipation. This is a good sign. An unequivocal compliment to the divinity of your principles. 'Ye are not of the world, therefore, the world hateth you. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad ; for great is your reward in heaven ; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.' Let your motto be 'ONWARDS!' You have already accomplished much. You have awakened the country from its guilty slumber. You can reckon upon three hundred Auxiliary Associations, embracing a large portion of the effective moral energy of the land. The churches of the North are taking right ground upon the question. The principles of abolition are diffused through most of the seminaries of learning. The females of America are nobly devoting themselves to this work of mercy, regardless of the

malignity of their heartless and unmanly persecutors. Onwards, therefore! A few years will witness an entire change in the sentiments of the American people, and those who are now drawn up in opposition to your philanthropic movement, will blush to acknowledge the dishonorable part they have enacted. A voice, from the other side of the Atlantic, says, Onwards! You are supported by the prayers and sympathies of Great Britain. The abolitionists of the British empire are with you. They are the friends of the peace, happiness and glory of your country, and earnestly desire the arrival of the day, when, having achieved a victory over Slavery in this continent, you will join them in efforts for its abolition throughout the world. While you pray fervently for strength in the day of conflict, pray also for grace to bear yourselves with meekness and charity towards those who oppose you. Pursue your holy object in the Spirit of Christ, 'giving no offence in any thing, that the (cause) be not (justly) blamed, but in all things approving yourselves as the servants of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report, as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold you live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.'

Your affectionate friend,
and devoted fellow-laborer,

GEORGE THOMPSON.

LETTER FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.

NOVEMBER 27, 1835.

My Dear Garrison:—

As it is probable I shall not be many hours on shore, and as you will doubtless expect to hear from me before I sail, I snatch an hour to send you a hurried letter. The following is a very brief account of my movements since I bid you farewell.

On *Sunday*, Nov. 8th, at noon went on board the British Brig *Satisfaction*—the day remarkably fine—dropped sluggishly down the stream. At five, discharged the pilot, and at midnight were off the lights of Cape Ann.

Monday, 9th. Had a fair breeze and a fine run along the coast.

Tuesday, 10th. At one o'clock, P. M. off Grand Manan Island. Took on board a pilot—went into Long Island Bay, where we dropped anchor for the night.

Wednesday, 11th. Set sail from Long Island Bay, and at 2 o'clock, P. M. came to anchor in Passamaquoddy Bay, off St. Andrews. Had a tremendous gale all night. Had we been on the outside of the harbor it is all but certain that we should have been cast away.

Thursday, 12th. At half past 10, A. M. the captain, pilot, and myself got into the ship's boat, and, after an hour's pull, landed at St. Andrews. I took lodgings at a quiet, well-conducted boarding-house—the proprietor and lady from England. Until the following Wednesday night I found ample employment in arranging the vast quantity of evidence, upon the subject of slavery, which I have brought from the United States. I have now six bulky volumes filled with extracts taken from Northern and Southern papers, besides a large quantity of tracts, pamph-

lets, volumes, &c. &c., and a great number of Southern newspapers, which I have preserved entire, with full accounts of Anti-Abolition meetings—sales of negroes—rewards offered for the advocates of the slave, &c. &c. I have also some of the inflammatory hand bills circulated in Boston, Salem, and New York, and some placards, advertising slaves for sale, and setting forth the ‘*honesty*,’ ‘*industry*,’ ‘*skill*,’ ‘*sobriety*,’ and ‘*value*’ of those ‘wretched beings,’ who, if delivered from the yoke of bondage, ‘would not be able to take care of themselves.’ I have, besides, about two thousand four hundred Anti-Slavery newspapers, besides reports, magazines, records, Slaves’ Friend, &c. &c.; also a full set of the African Repository, and reports of the Colonization Society. I have made every necessary arrangement for the safe transmission to England of whatever documents may enable me to illustrate the state of the abolition question in the progress of that mighty reformation, which, under God, you and your honored associates are carrying forward.

On *Thursday*, the 19th, at seven o’clock, A. M. I went on board the *Maid of the Mist*, Steamer, and at half past five, P. M. reached the city of St. John, where I found our kind and devoted friend, — —, with a host of communications from your city, and other parts, all breathing the warmest affection, and evincing unshaken courage in the great conflict. My custom-house business, packing, &c. are now done, and I am now ready to step on board the vessel whenever the word is given. I have experienced the greatest kindness during my short sojourn in New Brunswick. In this place I have been most urgently entreated to deliver a lecture upon the present aspect of affairs in the United States; but owing to the uncertainty respecting the time of my departure, and the overwhelming press of correspondence, which requires my attention, I have declined.

A host of thoughts rush upon my brain—a tumult of emotions swell my breast, while my pen lingers over the sheet designed for you. What can I say, my dear brother? My heart is too full for utterance upon paper. I find myself at all times inadequate to the expression of my feelings in epistolary communication; and, on this occasion, I am more than ordinarily embarrassed. However, I am writing

to one who knows my heart, and it is, therefore, unnecessary that I should state my views or profess anew my devotion to the cause of the suffering slave. It may, perhaps, be as well to assure you that, though for a time banished from your country, I love it still—yea, that my love increases towards you as a people; nor can I help feeling frequently that my destinies are linked with yours, and that all which affects the honor and safety of your country are matters of concern and deep solicitude to me. I love America, because her sons, though my persecutors, are immortal; because ‘they know not what they do;’ or, if enlightened and wilful, are so much the more to be pitied and cared for. I love America, because of the many affectionate friends I have found upon her shores, by whom I have been cherished, refreshed, and strengthened, and upon whose regard I place an incalculable value. I love America, for *there* dwells the fettered slave—fettered, and darkened, and degraded *now*, but soon to spring into light and liberty, and rank on earth, as he is ranked in heaven, ‘but a little lower than the angels.’ I love America, because of the many mighty and magnificent enterprises in which she has embarked for the salvation of the world. I love her rising spires—her peaceful villages, and her multiplied means of moral, literary and religious improvement. I love her hardy sons, the tenants of her vallies, and her mountains green. I love her native children of the forest, still roaming, untutored and untamed in the unsubdued wilderness of the ‘far West.’ I love your country, because it is the theatre of the sublimest contest now waging with darkness, and despotism, and misery, on the face of the globe—and because your country is ordained to be the scene of a triumph as holy in its character, and as glorious in its results, as any ever achieved through the instrumentality of man. But, though my soul yearns over America, and I desire nothing more eagerly than to see her stand forth, among the nations of the world, unsullied in reputation, and omnipotent in energy, yet shall I, if spared, deem it my duty to publish aloud her wide and fearful departures from rectitude and mercy. I shall unceasingly proclaim the wrongs of her enslaved children; and while she continues to traffic in the souls of men, brand her as recreant to the great principles of her revo-

lutionary struggle, and hypocritical in all her professions of attachment to the cause of human rights. Think not, my friend, that when I speak of America, I shall dwell upon the petty foibles (if foibles they be) of the great, and growing, and enlightened, and improving people among whom I have travelled. No. I shall leave it to other, and more minute and fastidious journalists, to animadvert upon 'American manners,' in drawing rooms—the treatment of Turkey carpets—the demeanor of 'gentlemen of standing and property' in the theatre—the time occupied in swallowing an egg, or discussing a beef-steak, &c. &c. I shall have other and mightier themes—'*Liberty outraged in her sanctuary and home*'—'*The rights of man annihilated in the land of the free—God's awful image bought and sold in the American market*. Upon these topics I shall write, and speak, and print; while Heaven continues to me reason and energy, or until America learns justice to her captive children. I shall guard against the charge of misrepresentation, by founding all I say upon abundant and incontrovertible evidence, viz: *American documents*. Sages and senators, priests and politicians, mechanics and merchants, lawyers and legislators, shall all speak for themselves; assemblies, and synods, and presbyteries, and associations, and conferences, and conventions, shall all speak in the language of their own 'preambles,' and 'protests,' and 'resolutions,' and 'appeals,' and 'counter appeals,' and 'pastoral letters,' and 'official disclaimers,' &c. &c. I will echo the sentiments of the Cradle of Liberty, in the words there uttered. I will read the various interpretations of the American Constitution, from the identical leading articles and pamphlets put forth by its most 'jealous' and 'patriotic' defenders. The Otises, and the Spragues, and the Fletchers, who lacked the magnanimity to allow me the chance of contending with them on the day when they traduced their COUNTRY and ME, shall be heard in Great Britain. The placards that have adorned the walls of Northern American post-offices and Southern slave-markets, shall appear before the eyes, and make their own unaided appeal to British hearts, and British understandings. If I am asked why I thus discuss American Slavery, on British soil, I will point to the immense amount of American slave-grown produce floating in our

harbors, or stored in our warehouses; and I will urge my countrymen and countrywomen, by every consideration which humanity, political economy, and religion can suggest, to cease from the use of the accursed thing.

It is matter of unfeigned thankfulness, that frequently and publicly as I have spoken, upon the subject of slavery in all its bearings, and anxiously as I have sought investigation into my views, principles, and purposes, the only charge which they have framed against me, touching the sentiments I hold, which has been put into specific language, is grounded upon a single expression in a *private* conversation; that expression severed from its connection, and *perverted from a simple and legitimate argument, drawn from the POLITICAL PRINCIPLES OF MY OPPONENT, into an unqualified declaration of my own sentiments.* Other charges have been preferred, affecting my moral character. These (in accordance with the advice of my friends) I shall leave to my revered associates in the cause of abolition, who are thoroughly acquainted with my past history and are at liberty to take what notice they please of the multiplied paragraphs which have been circulated with a view to blast my reputation, and rob the bleeding slave of the value of my poor services in his behalf. My history for the last five years is known to thousands. I have been ever during that time, before the world; my words and actions constantly open to public scrutiny. I appeal to the members of the London Anti-Slavery Society; to the members of the Metropolitan Agency Committee, whose agent and representative I was, up to the time I left for this country. I appeal to the various Committees throughout Great Britain, with whom I have been associated. I appeal to the multitude of ministers of the Gospel, and Christians of every denomination, on both sides of the Atlantic, with whose acquaintance, co-operation and friendship I have been honored. I appeal to all with whom I have had any transactions, pecuniary or otherwise, to point to an act, a word, at variance with honor, honesty, or veracity.

I came not to the United States, as has been falsely and wickedly asserted, '*a fugitive from justice.*' I left the country of my birth after an arduous and triumphant public career, laden with benefits, and wafted by the blessings

and prayers of a Christian community. *There* the paths to honor, independence and popularity, were before me, and by many I was besought to stay and tread them. I preferred to visit your shores. I came, as you and all who know me can bear testimony, not to seek the silver and gold so largely obtained by other 'foreigners,' but to spend and be spent in the cause of freedom and humanity, asking *only a hearing* on behalf of the captive pining and sighing within the borders of your free and fertile land. I have been accused of abusing the 'hospitality' I have received. I believe this charge will never be preferred by any who have cherished the stranger, against whom this accusation is so often hurled; it shall not be, if a gratitude, which neither time nor distance can efface or weaken, and a fervent love and active zeal to the true welfare of their country, will commend me to their continued regard. The charge, however, has invariably originated, I believe, with those from whom, if *any friend* of the slave were to ask *bread*, he would receive a *stone*; or if a *fish*, he would receive a *serpent*; or if an *egg*, he would receive a *scorpion*.

While I thus repel certain charges which have been unjustly brought against me, let it not be understood that I desire to claim infallibility, or to vindicate, excuse, or palliate, any act of my past life which is justly reprehensible; God forbid! I trust I have too sacred a regard for the principles of truth and integrity to attempt to weaken their force upon my own or other minds by extenuating any conduct involving a violation of those principles. Wherein I have erred, I have no hesitation in speaking in terms of the bitterest self-reproach. Before Heaven and the world, I am ready frankly and sorrowfully to acknowledge my faults. Could any labor, any sacrifice, could my tears or my blood, expiate to society, or to individuals, the errors of my past life, I would freely do and suffer all within my power. What more can I say? What more need I say? What more is required, in referenc^e to my fellow-men, by Him who is the righteous Judge of all mankind? What more is demanded of any Christian in America—in the world? To the enemies of the sacred cause I advocate, nothing I could say would be satisfactory. In their eyes, the crime of an individual consists, not in apologising *for sin*, or continuing *in sin*, but in repentance and

reformation; in turning *from sin*, and in bringing forth fruits meet for repentance. *Then* is he brought up for judgment, and condemned and punished for the sins of the past, *on account* of the rectitude and unblamableness of his present conduct. No fact is more obvious than this. The men who most severely scrutinize the character and conduct of abolitionists, and ‘compass sea and land’ to frame a charge against them, are the open, shameless, and systematic defenders of *a system of piracy, lust, heathenism, and soul-murder*. To such I make no appeal. They lack every principle of sound and righteous judgment. To those in the Christian world, who, forgetting the ‘charity which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth,’ which ‘hopeth all things, and believeth all things,’ are prone gladly to receive, and eagerly to propagate, reports injurious to the reputation and usefulness of those who are laboring in the cause of humanity and freedom, I would say, Study the character of Him whose disciples you profess to be—remember his awful words, ‘Judge not, that you be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again, he that is *without sin* among you, first cast a stone.’

I thank God, I cherish no feelings of bitterness or revenge towards any individual in America—my most inveterate enemy not excepted. Should the sea, on which I am about to embark, receive me ere I gain my native shore—should this be the last letter I ever address to you, and through you, to the people of America, Heaven bears me witness, I with truth and sincerity affirm, that, as I look to be freely forgiven, so freely do I forgive my persecutors and slanderers, and pray—‘Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.’

Should a kind Providence place me again upon the soil of my birth, and when there, should any American (and I hope many will) visit that soil, to plead the cause of virtue and philanthropy, and strive, in love, to provoke us to good works, let him know that there will be one man who will uphold his right to liberty of speech—one man, who will publickly and privately assert and maintain the divinity of his commission to attack sin, and alleviate misery in every form, in every latitude, and by what-

ever name, and under whatever sanctions and authorities it may be cloaked and guarded. And coming on such an errand, I think I may pledge myself, on behalf of my country, that he shall not be driven, with a wife and little ones, from the door of a hotel, in less than thirty-six hours after he first breathes our air—that he shall not be denounced as an ‘incendiary,’ a ‘fanatic,’ an ‘emissary,’ an ‘enemy’—that he shall not be assailed with oaths and missiles, while proclaiming from the pulpit, in the house of God, on the evening of a Christian Sabbath, the doctrines of judgment, justice, and mercy’—that he shall not be threatened, wherever he goes, with tar and feathers—that he shall not be repudiated and abused, in miscalled religious newspapers, and by men calling themselves Christian ministers—that he shall not have a price set upon his head, and his house surrounded with ruffians, hired to effect his abduction—that his wife and children shall not be forced to flee from the hearth of a friend, lest they should be ‘*snaked out*’ by men in civic authority, and their paid myrmidons—that the mother and her little ones, shall not find, at midnight, the house surrounded by an infuriated multitude, calling, with horrible execration, for the husband and the father—that his lady shall not be doomed, while in a strange land to see her babes clinging to her with affright, exclaiming, ‘the *mob* shan’t get papa’—‘papa is good, is he not? the naughty *mob* shan’t get him, shall they?’—that he shall not, finally, be forced to quit the most enlightened and Christian city of our nation, to escape the assassin’s knife, and return to tell his country that, in Britain, the friend of virtue, humanity, and freedom, was put beyond the protection of the laws, and the pale of civilized sympathy, and given over, by professor and profane, to the tender mercies of a blood-thirsty rabble.

If spared, I shall send you, from time to time, an account (as minute and regular as my time and strength will permit) of my journeyings, labors, trials, disappointments, encouragements, and successes, with the progress of the cause generally, on the other side of the Atlantic. My beloved American friends must not think unkindly of me, if I do not write to them individually. Through the pages of your journal, I will keep them acquainted with my sayings and doings.

Let it never be forgotten that our object is, *the abolition of slavery throughout the world*—that ours is not a sectional or a national question—and the energies, now concentrating for the immediate emancipation of the *American* slave, are to be continued in full and growing operation, while a captive sighs into the ear of awakened philanthropy, or the heavens are pierced by the unutterable groan of one immortal being into whose soul the iron of an unjust bondage enters. Brazil, with her two millions of slaves, awaits the well-directed, moral influence of Great Britain and America *united*. A part only of the Antilles is free. A voice from Cuba and Porto Rico, from Guadaloupe and Martinique, is heard, ‘Come over and help us.’ Yes, and by God’s assistance *we will*. Our vision shall comprehend the whole field. Our energies shall be directed to the annihilation of slavery wherever it exists on the face of the globe. We will ‘remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them.’ In whatever country, in whichever hemisphere they dwell. The voice of remonstrance shall be heard from isle to isle, from shore to shore, and from continent to continent, until Christendom is purged from the stain of blood, and Africa delivered from the spoiler of her children.

‘Muse! take the harp of prophecy. Behold
The glories of a brighter age unfold!
Friends of the outcast, view the accomplished plan,
The negro towering to the height of man.

* * * * *

Is greatness bound to color, shape, or air?
No! God created all his children fair.
Tyrants and slaves no more their tribes shall see,
For God created all his children free.

Now Justice leagued with Mercy from above,
Shall reign in all the liberty of love;
And the sweet shores, beneath the balmy west,
Again shall be the islands of the blest.’

I shall endeavor to get the societies in Great Britain to observe the last Monday evening of the month as a season of prayer, for the abolition of slavery throughout the world. It will be delightful on that occasion to blend our spirits in prayer and intercession before a throne of grace.

Thus, waiting upon the Lord, we shall renew our strength. We shall mount on the wings of eagles. We shall run and not be weary. We shall walk and not faint.

It was inexpressibly painful to leave, without the opportunity of saying farewell to the endeared companions of my struggles and dangers in your city. Perhaps, however, it was better that it should be so.

‘Ye, who have known what it is to dote upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.’

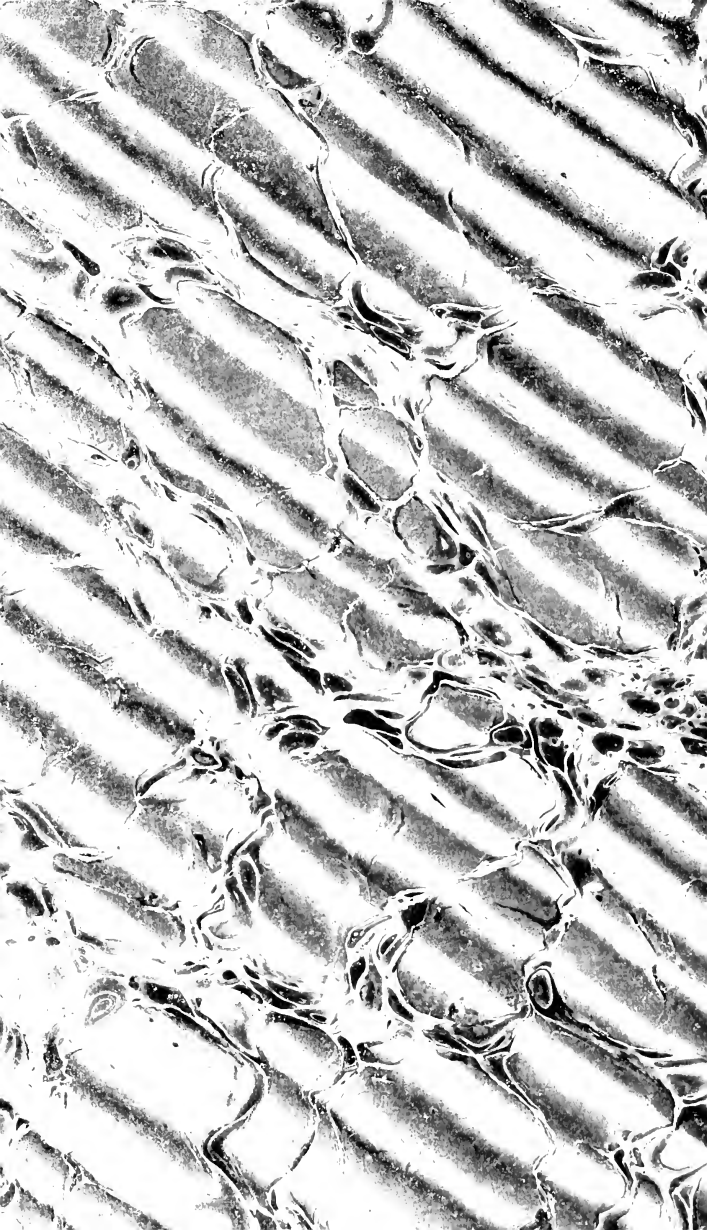
Let me now take an affectionate leave of my friends throughout America. Though my scene of labor, for the present, will be distant from yours, I shall be contending for the same high principles—I shall be seeking to advance the same holy object. Let me have your prayers, that the blessing of the Most High may rest upon my efforts to arouse the sympathies and enlist the co-operation of the wise and virtuous in Europe. You may confide in my devotion to the cause. I will not cease to commend you to the care and benediction of ‘our Father who is in heaven;’ and I will look forward to the day when (if never again on earth) we shall meet where all is joy, and calm, and liberty, and love.

In parting with you, my beloved brother, words fail me, and I must be indebted to the language of your own eloquent, animating, and Christian-minded letter to me. ‘With a full heart and weeping eyes, I bid you farewell. Our feelings, purposes, hopes, *souls*, are one. Nor time, nor distance, shall separate our spirits. I know you too well to believe that you will ever prove recreant to the cause of God. Together let us antagonize with a world lying in wickedness.’ Amen, with all my heart! We have grappled with the monster—let us never relinquish our hold, until he falls in a grave of infamy, from which there is no resurrection, or we are summoned from the conflict here—

‘And cease at once to work and live.’

In bonds of closest affection,
Your friend and fellow-laborer,

GEORGE THOMPSON.



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